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AUTUMN AWESOME ISSUE

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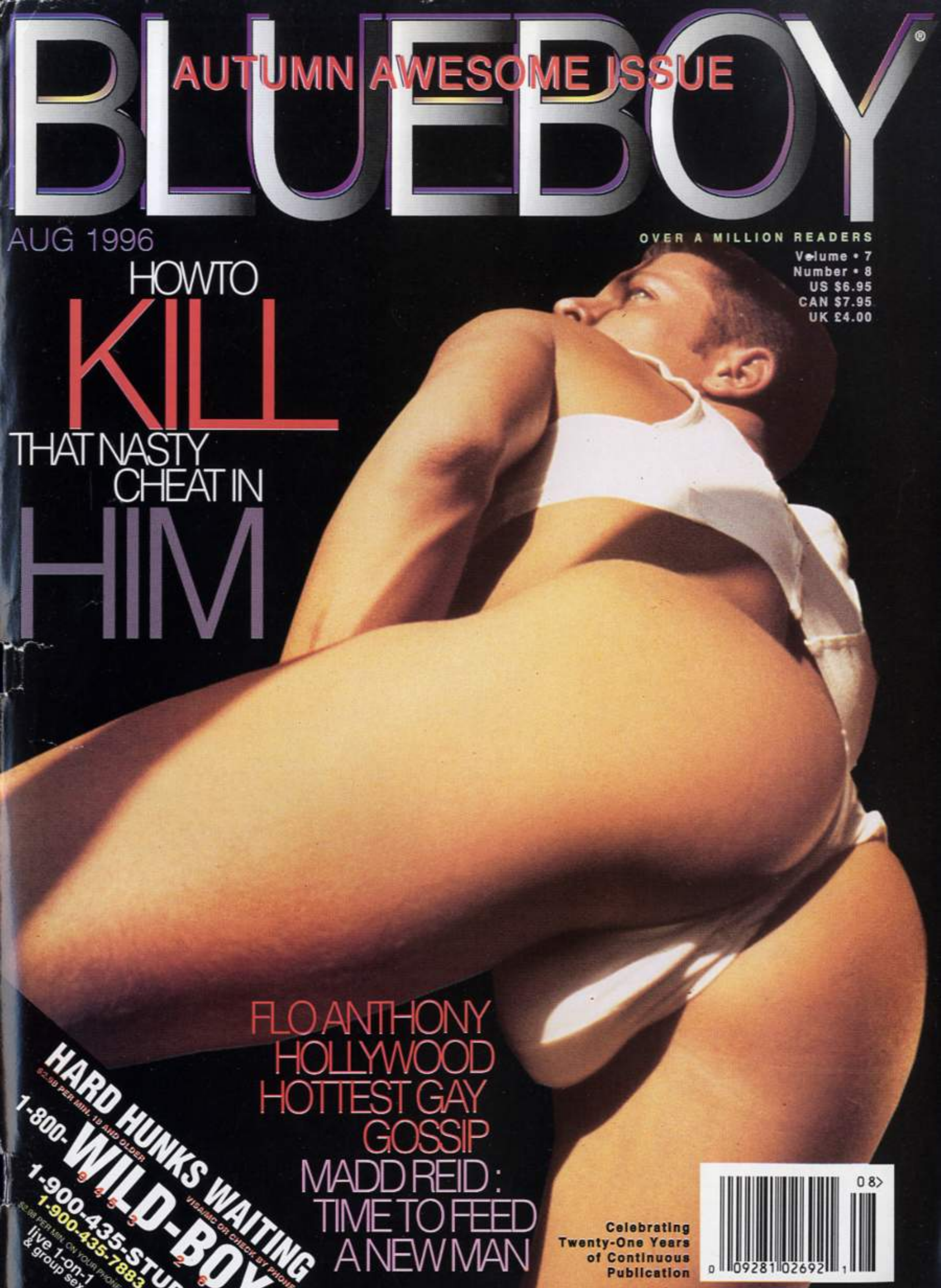

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#84928 - White male 5'10" 200lbs, hairy body. Big size cock, good looking with a receding hairline. Has 44 in chest, 37 in waist. Large thighs. Fairly muscular, 6 in. cut, cock. Likes to do anything, no pain or water sports. Will take it in throat, and ass. Top and bottom. Whatever you want.

#87057 - Justin. 6' 195lbs, muscular, blond long hair. My cock is 8" and I like to stroke it. My firm ass loves to be touched and played with and I like to suck cock and have cocks up my ass. I want nice guys with big cocks who like to suck and fuck every day. I like to talk nasty.

#82935 - Dan. 5' 10" 175lbs, nice build, likes hairy men who are well built and well endowed. I'm 8.5 inches very thick with big protruding veins. Nice round ass that likes to get fucked. I want to have a 3 way. Anything goes sessions that last 3 to 4 hours, 3 to 4 times a week.

#77766 - Frank 19 yrs old, 6'2" 140lbs, very slender likes to work out. 7 inch dick that likes to be sucked. Will give head to guys and will fuck all night long.

#61216 - Kelly. I'm a military man with a 7 inch dick. I love lots of oral sex. I want to do a threesome.

#69197 - Dave - tall, 21 years old, athletic, smooth, tan. I have a 9 inch uncut cock with hairy balls. I'm very muscular. I like giving and receiving blow jobs. I need it everyday & want it everyday.

#35735 - Frank - 6' 205 lbs. Reddish/blonde hair, brown eyes, muscular & tan. I have a 7 1/2 inch cock, and I like giving & receiving head. I need it 24 hrs a day and 7 days a week. I like any kind of sex. I want a huge cock in my mouth. I like to eat cum.

#80150 - Camren. 21 yrs. 6'1" very hot & very good looking. I have a 8 inch cock and I like to fuck men. I love to suck cock. I need it everyday.

#84928 - Skip. 5'5" blnd hr & blue eyes. 140 lbs. I have a 9 inch cock. I like sex all the time. I like to work out at all times. I like blow jobs. I love eating out assholes. I will do it anytime of day & night. I love for someone to suck my nipples.

#18187 - Dan. 6'4" 240 lbs. I work out daily. I have a 9 1/2 inch cut dick. I want to meet someone with a big dick & muscular. I want someone to suck me & fuck me in the ass. I'm into everything.

#34527 - John. 6'1" tan, brn eyes/hair. I have a big chest with a 8 1/2 inch dick. I like dick.

#79312 - Jerry. 5'8" 180 lbs. brn hr. hzl. eyes. I have a 9 inch cut dick. I like being sucked, and I love sucking cock. I like 10 inches or more up my ass. I need it everyday. I love big juicy cocks up my ass.

#21673 - Len. 6'0" 170 lbs brn. hr & blue eyes. clean shaven. I'm a construction man. I have a 6 1/2 inch cock that needs to be sucked off three times a day. I'm really horny all the time.

#88491 - Tom. 5'5" 125 lbs. blnd hr & blue eyes. I'm 8 1/2 inches cut, looking for hot & horny men.

KINKY MEN

#77859 - Jim. 28 years old blonde hair and brown eyes. 6' very active. I'd love to get together with you and have it out. I'd love your cock in my ass. I have a smooth body and an 8 " cock. I'm a lot of fun. When I go to bed with somebody, I like to handcuff a guy and really go all out. I like to get a spanking, because I need it. I need sex everyday. I like to fuck 4 times a day. If you think you can do it give me a call.

#75576 - Bob. 24 yrs old. Italian, Black Hair & brown eyes. Not that cut but I have a 6 1/2" penis and a big ass. I like to get fucked. I hope you can give it to me real good. I'd like to have 10 guys in one day. I'd like 2 dicks in my mouth and one in my ass while I jerk 2 guys off. I love to get fucked hard and fast. Please fuck me now.

#71308 - Richard. 48 yrs. old with a 7 inch uncut cock. I love to have a good time. Do anything to me. Be real kinky with me.

#62233 - Todd. I'm very muscular. I have a bubble butt that needs attention. My cock is 6 1/2 inches. I'm very attractive. I like more than one man. I love to be fucked. I love to suck and fuck every morning and night.

#56079 - Mark. 5'6" Hispanic with brown eyes and black hair. I have an 8 inch cock. I like to suck dick and eat cum. I love dicks up my ass.

#91039 - Eric. I'm 5'9" 140 lbs. White, I have brown hair and eyes. 6 1/2 cut cock. I get very turned on by big hot men who can go on forever. I need oral and anal sex. I need lots of it, anytime I can get it. I love mutual masturbation and orgies.

#55222 - Sam. 190 lbs. blonde hair & blue eyes. I have a 9 inch cut cock. I'm looking for any kind of sex. I'm looking for a wild & hot time. Open to anything.

#48960 - Alex. 5'8" brn eyes/long hr. I have a 7 inch cock. I want to be treated like a woman. I want to dress up like a woman and have a man make me suck his dick.

LEATHER MEN

#61046 - Joe. Brown hair & blue eyes, muscular. I'm 7 1/4 inches looking for a big male to fuck and spank me like I'm his little bitch.

#67259 - John. 145 lbs. Light brown hair. I'm small built with a 5 1/2 inch cock. I have a nice meaty ass. I like to be used. I love to be fucked in the ass. I love the taste of a man's cum in my mouth. I want you to piss on me, and make me suck & fuck you. Make me your slave.

#26701 - Ron. 5'9" 145 lbs. Brown hair, green eyes. I have an 8 1/2 inch hard dick. I'm into S&M. I like black and Hispanic men. I'm into almost anything.

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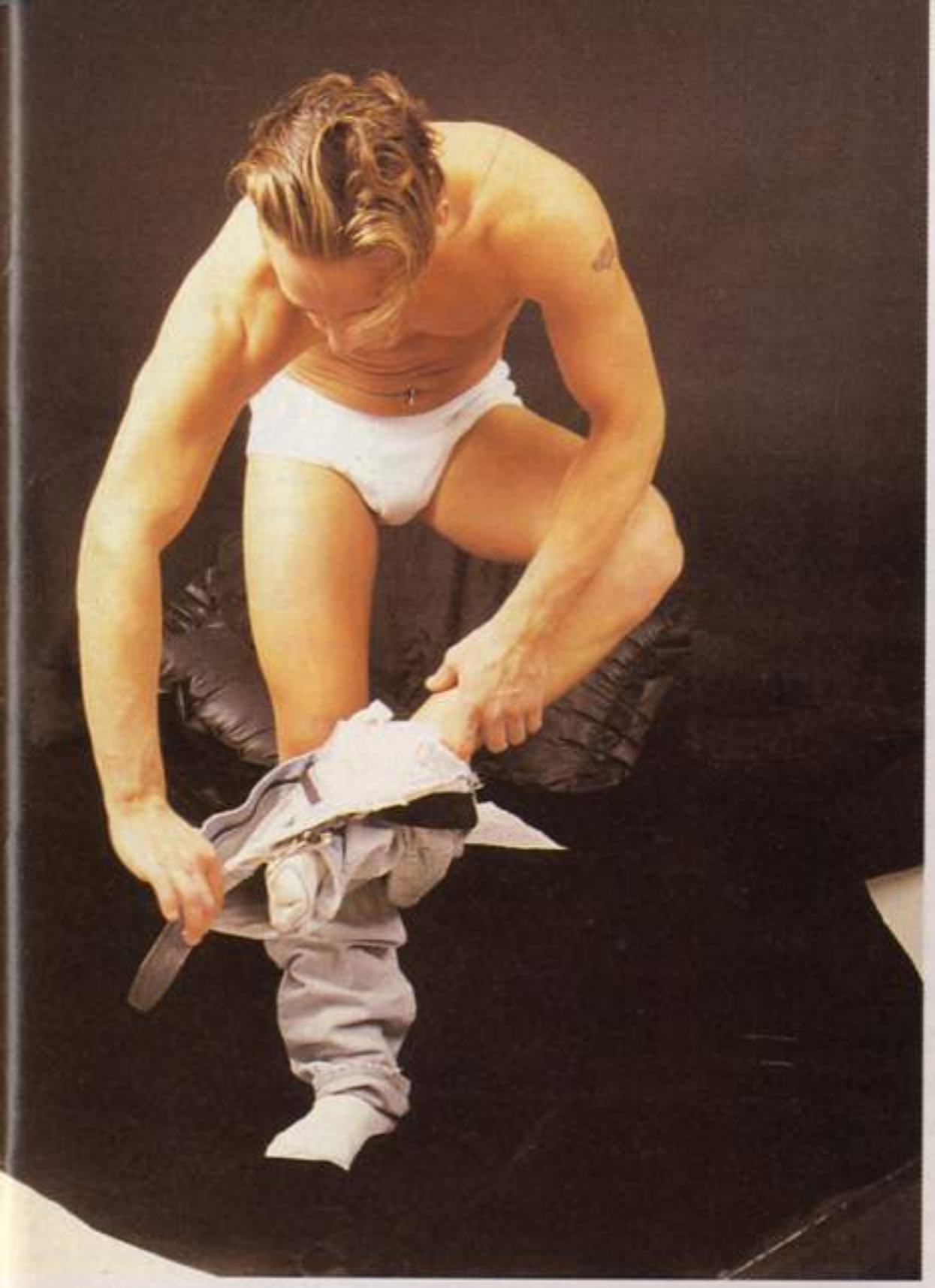

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À LA cosmos par...CASEY KLINGER

Had an out-of-body sexual experience lately? That's the new, politically and socially correct way of saying "masturbation" for those discussing an occasional or full service solo sexual agenda. Topic of the month? Can you be too safe?

Is there such a thing? Will your safe sex reach the point of no sex, whatsoever? Is that the "big brother" master plan? To dissuade majority interest by way of fear, abandonment, absolution and ultimate annihilation? Societal menopause. How droll. Get them young, scare the holy bejesus out of them, and they'll never know what they're missing, so they won't be as likely to fight for it, right? Today they call it abstinence. In retrospect they hope to call it the "Fade Era" when society simply abandoned and forgot about all the "misfits" as it were. No longer having to deal with whether or not anybody had any rights or whether sexual issues were even on the mental or political agenda. Sex? What's that all about, anyway? Oh yes, they used to do that sort of thing, then they got bored and began doing each other, then farm animals and then, frankly, they all turned to pillars of salt.

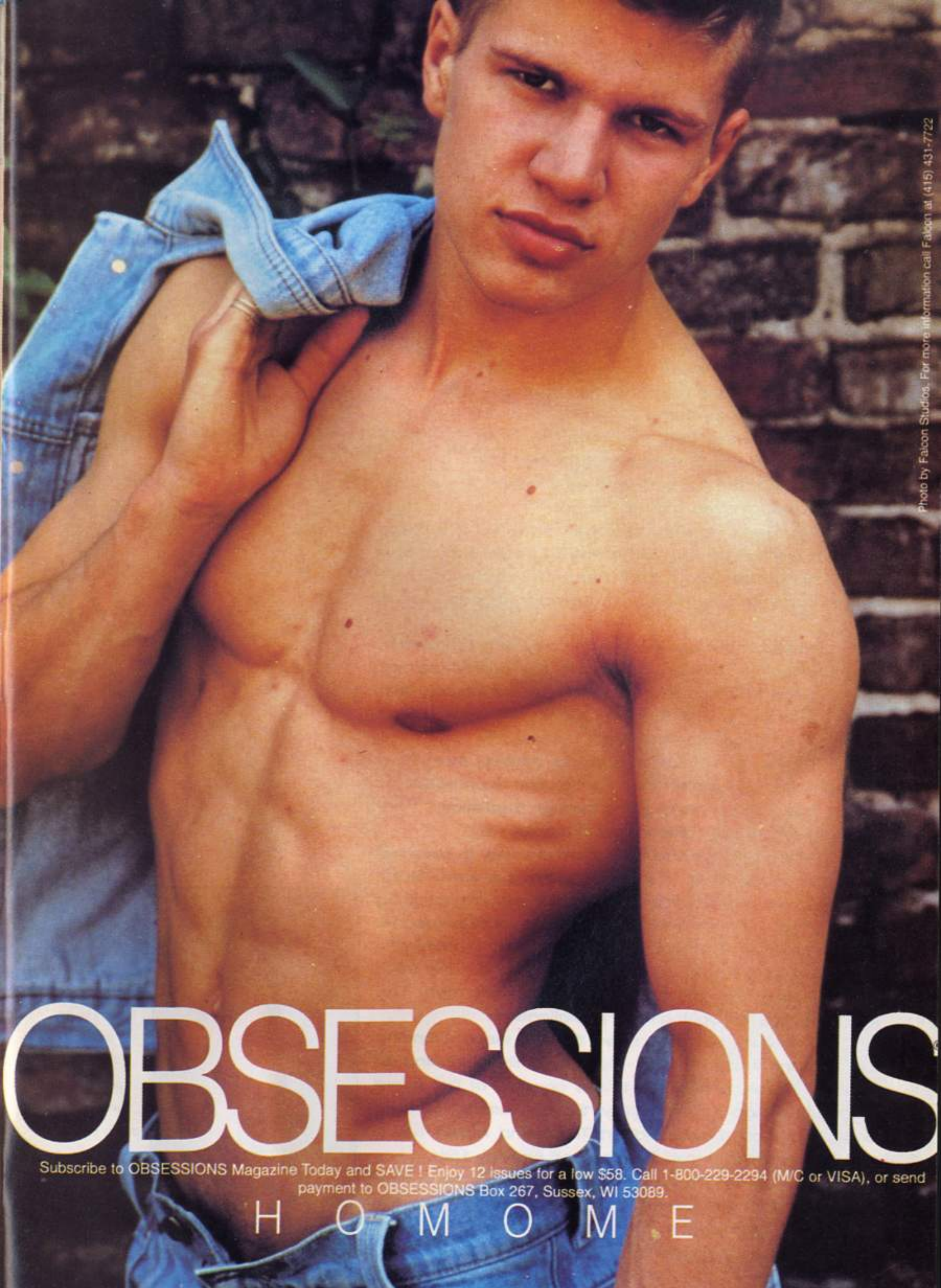
Well, I, for one, should be fine with that. For one, the less contact sex one has, the more likely the sales of my magazines. And Secondly, I love salt. I can sit and lick it all day.

How about you? How do you fit into the whole situation? Care to think about it? Care to wonder what could happen should we reach the point of sexual abandonment by practice of the new generations coming up, choking the interests and, frankly, needs of all those in the closet, would-be eighteen-year-old budding beauties with their smooth legs in the air begging for someone, anyone, to ram a load of experience up their peach-fuzzed ass, and turn them all into fag-bashing bone heads unaware of the experience that could set their young, sexual souls to a life of restless abandon?

Then again, maybe there's a bright side, here. Perhaps a light at the end of the tunnel. What about all those virgin eighteen-year-old "straight boys" who aren't getting any of that "holding-out-for-marriage" pink pussy? They'll be ripe for the picking. Hot and horny. In a moment of frenzied weakness willing to compromise their sexual destiny cheap and nasty to a fast-tongued, used sex salesman.

And remember. For every one of you, there's ten of them. Maybe for some, this sexual abstinence thing isn't such a bad thing after all. Safe sex could have its privileges.

Casey Lee Klinger
Publisher and Editor-in-Chief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Scene

À LA PSSST PAR...FLO ANTHONY

FLO- Separation from her husband, David Justice, has made Halle Berry one of the most sought-after girls in Hollywood. She has been besieged with flowers, champagne and date offers and even been linked to "Friends" star Matt LeBlanc since the moment she announced that she and the Atlanta Braves superstar had split. The gorgeous actress has not only ignored the suitors, but says that she doesn't even know LeBlanc.

Sez Berry- "I'm trying to find out who he is," says Berry. "I don't even know what the guy looks like or how that rumor got started. I'm still married for all practical purposes. I am not going to jump from the frying pan into the fire."

Although Halle is extremely busy with her career, the subject of her aborted marriage to Justice is still painful.

"I was in Bermuda celebrating my anniversary with David one month and the next month we were getting divorced. It's very disappointing."

The couple have decided to resolve everything through attorneys, rather than fight a bitter court battle.

Sez Berry- "We're going through mediation," "We want to work out our differences in a quiet way."

When asked if she feels there is a way to save her marriage, Halle says: "Honestly, there is a way. But it takes two people. David's head is not there. I'm not going to be a fool. Money and fame will do a lot to someone. He's not the same person that he was when I met him."

As for a future man, Halle just laughs. "My track record is not too good when it comes to picking men. The last thing that I'm looking for is a relationship."

The busy lady has spent the last week attending the Oscars with her new Revlon family, shopping at Fashion Week, and going to the opening of her friend Ruben Santiago-Hudson's play, "Seven Guitars." She will begin work on a new Robert Townsend movie called "BAPS (Black American Princesses)" on May 15th.

Sez Berry- "It's about two women who come from Harlem and land in Beverly Hills," says Halle. "They are like two fish out of water. We are still casting for the other BAP."

Halle Berry

"My track record is not too good when it comes to picking men.

This Revlon model/film actress has bombarded the tabloids for the past eight months. Her public exposure truley began with her ill-fated marrige to base running ex-husband David Justice. Now Berry comes back on the Silver Screen to prove she's more than a muse for gossip.

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JOCK COMMENTARY

Scene

MO par FLO

I bumped into Lorenzo Lamas and his fiancee Shana Sand at Tavern On The Green in Gotham. The "Renegade" star, who has shorn his long locks, told me that he is marrying the Playboy centerfold on April 27. And why did he cut that sexy hair? "I'm working on a movie called "Word of Honor,"" says Lamas. "The character isn't quite Reno."

Speaking of long locks, I have discovered the secret of John Travolta's he-man look. My sources say that his wife, Kelly Preston, talked him into getting hair extensions to replace the thick mop he had years ago.

Now we know how Brad Pitt stays in such great shape. Not only did the Oscar nominee fly his trainer David Darnell out to Hollywood for the Academy Awards, but he also found him something to wear to the ceremony. Says a source: "David didn't realize that he would be accompanying Brad and Gwyneth (Paltrow) to the awards, so he didn't pack anything to wear. Brad had Gianni Versace send over four suits for him to choose from."

Back at the parties, Sharon Stone caught up with them. Dateless, the Gap-wearing actress mooned over Brad and ignored Gwyneth. Rumor has it that by 3:00 a.m., Brad was so annoyed by her behavior that they all bid Miss Sharon "adieu." Maybe next year she should get a real escort instead of arriving with her dad. Then she won't have to hit on another woman's date.

Ms. Sarah Ferguson has found a new man to chase. My sources say that England's royal embarrassment is now after Austrian tennis star, Thomas Munster. Aside from the fact that Fergie is still technically married to Prince Andrew, Munster was also engaged to one Mariella Theiner. However, I hear that Mariella felt he was paying too much attention to the red-headed Duchess of York, and told him to take his tennis balls to another court. Whew!

"Chicago Hope" doc Peter Berg needed a real-life medic to sew him up after "ER's" Noah Wylie conked him on the head. But it wasn't because the two hunks are on rival shows. The guys are rehearsing a play in L.A. and clumsy Noah was supposed to miss when he swung a heavy candlestick at Peter, who took six stitches in his noggin. Ouch!

Big Dick News

Forget your cellular phone. The latest accessory craze storming Hollywood is the **penis pump**. Some of Tinseltown's hunks, who have used some extra help to achieve their muscular bods, are finding the little gadgets useful in countering side effects. I hear the cost is minuscule, but the effect is **gigantic!**

Timeless wonder Tina Turner looks like a million dollars at age 56 ... make that $75 million. That's how much the leggy singer insured herself for as she prepares for her upcoming tour.

That Marlon Brando is a real jokester. He walked around the set of "The Island of Dr. Moreau" for three days with a bucket on his head. And why was the big guy wearing such a funny hat? Said Brando: "I just wanted to see if John Frankenheimer, who is the director, would say anything." The poor man remained silent. I don't know if that means he was blind or mute.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"There's a combination of factors at work, with the safe sex component perhaps most dominant. It is interesting that as large segments of the country head in a more conservative direction, the images of fetish and s & m become more and more available in the mainstream media. A second reason is a fast-shifting stance in professional psychology. Certain lifestyles – such as homosexuality, for example – once considered deviant behavior, are now more widely accepted as lifestyle choices."

– Mistress Carrie, Professional Dominatrix, on her profession

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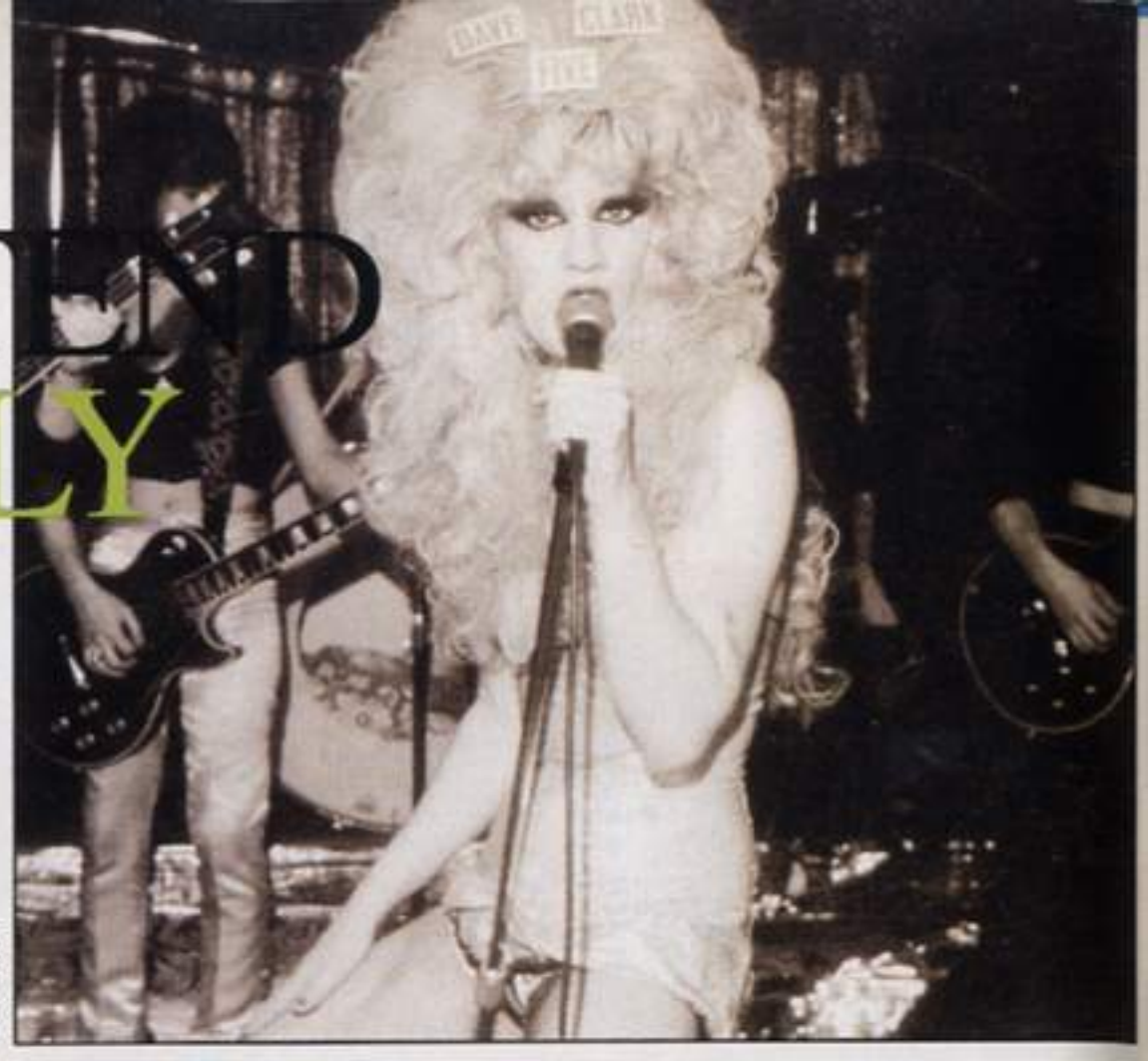

Bob Gruen

What exactly is it that you think of when you imagine the average punk rocker? Shabby combat boots, unruly, wildly colored hair and a god-awful attitude? Whilst this may be true to a large extent, one would be committing an unresolvable sin by forgetting the one and only Wayne/Jayne County.

In the early days of the NY punk rock scene, the then Wayne County occupied a unique spot as a crude talking, homosexual. He added a missing gay sensibility to the CBGB's, Max's Kansas City crowd--nurturing the drag ideals of bands such as the New York Dolls, David Bowie and Lou Reed. In fact, it could easily be said that the wonderful Miss County pre-dated many of the bands that would later be icons for the '70s punk era, slamming the stage of Max's with her wild props and outrageous repartee every Friday and Saturday night in the early seventies, much to the confusion and sometimes outright horror of the venue's artsy clientele. Wayne even wrote "Max's Kansas City", a theme song for the club in 1973, which later appeared on a record of bands who appeared at the club.

It seems that life was not all sugar and spice for this missy. Spawned in Atlanta, Georgia, County dressed to the hilt even in the boondocks, causing much of a ruckus among the local redneck community. Upon leaving the house, The young Wayne would find it necessary to pack two pairs of shoes: One to walk in and one to run in... she was even shot once because of her appearance! It was this, combined by the equally redneck police that caused her to flee from the South. The plan was to go to San Francisco--it was 1968 and everyone was heading to the West, so why not? But alas, fate stepped in and our heroine got sidetracked to New York where she would (eventually) find her glory.

1971: Deeply involved in The Theater Of The Absurd, Wayne slowly started the transformation into Jayne. During this, she went to London and met a pre-Ziggy Stardust Bowie: County wrote him off as a square. It was then back to NY where she formed a bond with Andy Worhol superstars Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis and Candy Darling. Never one for kissing ass, or being sucked into another's spotlight--the bond didn't last long. It was also her refusal to put the lips to the buttocks that County never appeared in any of Worhol's films--which ended up being a very good thing--I mean, all those people are dead, aren't they? Instead, Jayne had her intentions firmly set in music. But even in the open-minded, shock-oriented scene that was New York then, Jayne had difficulties. In 1976 Dictator's (a legendary punk rock band) singer Handsome (NOT!) Dick Manitoba took to heckling Miss County while she performed--never one to turn the other cheek, Jayne dared Manitoba (a big, burly, ex-wrestler, punk rock guy) to step up and insult her to her face. He approached the stage but was soon quieted by the stern reading that Jayne gave him. Minutes later Manitoba jumped on the stage (he would later claim that he was going to the bathroom located behind the platform) and Jayne reacted by whacking him with the microphone stand. The singer fell and hit his head on a nearby table, giving himself a concussion. As a result, Handsome Dick was removed from the venue on a stretcher and the NY scene was split between the two performers. In '78 Jayne (then living in London) teemed up with The Electric Chairs and released such memorable tunes as: "If You Don't Want To Fuck Me, Fuck Off" and Cream In My Jeans"! Sigh, isn't it beautiful! Such decadence. Unfortunately, band and diva had a falling out, causing them to dismember.

In the '80s, the world didn't hear much from Jayne County. In an era when all the bands were looking like tacky girls but none would admit they were gay, (not even Boy George, Hello!) the New Wave Bobbie sockers showed little interest in JC's music. But the rock and roll in Jayne never died. And with the reemergence of the '90s drag and sexual-orientation free for all, one could say that Jayne has had a rock and roll resurrection. Armed with a new book: Man Enough To Be A Woman as well as Rock And Roll Cleopatra, her first American album release in over a decade, the world will once again know the raunch, the trash, the glory that is Jayne County--and maybe even get some make-up tips, her lashes look just fabulous!

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BLUEBOY: of age. • The first and longest standing gay erotic sophisticate, published continuously since 1975 has an all new look; a progressive and newly enhanced editorial profile and will begin regular distribution on a four week per issue (thirteen times annually) basis beginning this summer. • With our young newly hired Manhattan super staff we have designed a dynamic art/visual and editorial profile to compliment this top gay best selling title. • Megacheese status spills across the pages of each future issue as "comfort zone" interviews are secured with the guys and dolls in our world who make sense. Buds with something to say about real stuff...not who or who isn't sucking their dick or diving the muff, but more importantly their life they want you to hear about. Calm or wild as they choose to take it. We're not out to bitch slap, we're in to chat and carry on. • Our exciting, young editorial slat encapsulates an effervescent bud-oriented lifestyle which showcases this eight time winner of the annual *Pulse Prize* by the *International Gay and Lesbian Journalistic Guild* for original design, literary content and community contribution. • Hollywood gossip with the *E* Channel's Flo Anthony, Pen fix by top shelf authors, first hand tell alls from cheesey pervs with lots of pretty pix and sixteen pages (plus even more to come!) added make our all new Blueboy even bigger and better than ever before. We're here. Pick us up and watch us grow. Blueboy: Finally...of age.

BLUEBOY

food for fuel secrets and stuff

by Madd Reid

Engines need juice!

Food is fuel. As simple as it sounds it's true. Just as high-octane gas powers a car more efficiently, so does high-nutrient food deliver more energy to your body. If you want to be faster and stronger -- if you want to keep it up longer -- you've got to use premium fuel.

Athletes have always been obsessed with foods to maximize performance. And today, it's pretty widely agreed that a diet high in carbohydrates, modest in protein and -- most important -- low in fat, delivers the most nutritional value. Even if you're not an athlete, your food choices make a big difference in how you feel. Eating right means feeling more alert and creative at work, less prone to afternoon blahs. "Both a couch potato and a marathon runner should eat the same foods," says Nancy Clark, M.S., R.D., director of nutrition services at Sportsmedicine Brookline. But getting your diet right isn't as easy as pulling up to the pump and pushing the Super button. Not all carbohydrate sources are created equal. Some pack a more powerful punch than others, delivering more vitamins and minerals at a lower calorie cost. Likewise, some forms of protein are richer and leaner than others.

Here with, a guide to the good stuff:

1 **BANANAS:** The perfect portable snack. They're one of the richest sources of potassium, which may help regulate blood pressure, and are good sources of fiber. They're also natural antacids. Frozen banana chunks are a super guilt-free dessert.

1 banana = 105 calories, 0.5 g fat, 27 g carbohydrate, 1.2 g protein, 1 mg sodium, 0 mg cholesterol, 2.2 g fiber, 451 mg potassium.

2 **FIG BARS:** A favorite among cyclists and runners because they pack a strong carbohydrate punch and are easy to eat during exercise. Much lower in fat than most treats, fig bars also supply a bit of fiber -- not a lot, but more than most sweets.

2 bars = 112 calories, 2.3 g fat, 22 g carbohydrate, 1 g protein, 112 mg sodium, 0 mg cholesterol, 1.3 g fiber.

3 **BEEF:** Lots of people have been bashing beef lately, but truly lean beef is a great source of zinc, high-quality protein and iron. (The body absorbs the iron in meat more readily that the iron found in legumes, vegetables or breads.) Still, you need to be picky about the meat you buy. Choose only the leanest cuts, such as shank, round, flank and chuck. Look for "select" grades and trim fatty edges before cooking.

3 oz. lean round steak = 127 calories, 5 g fat, 0 g carbohydrate, 19 g protein, 50 mg sodium, 50 mg cholesterol 0 g fiber, 12% U.S. Recommended Dietary Allowance (USRDA) for iron, 20% USRDA for zinc, 41% USRDA for vitamin B 12.

4 BEANS: An excellent source of fiber (important for keeping blood sugar and cholesterol levels under control). In fact, beans provide even more soluble fiber than oats. They're also high in protein and folic acid, a B vitamin important for building protein and red blood cells.

Figures here are for kidney beans (but black beans, pinto beans and other types are also excellent bets): 1/2-cup serving = 112 calories, 0.4 g fat, 20 g carbohydrate, 7.6 g protein, 1 mg sodium, 0 mg cholesterol, 6.8 g fiber, 355 mg potassium, 57% USRDA for folic acid.

5 BROCCOLI: A wonder food -- one of the best nutrition bets around. Not only is broccoli high in fiber and vitamin C, but it's also a source of folic acid, calcium, magnesium and iron.

1 cup, cooked = 44 calories, 0.5 g fat, 8 g carbohydrate, 5 g protein, 40 mg sodium,, 0 mg cholesterol, 4.8 g fiber, 97% of the USRDA for vitamin C, 11% USRDA for vitamin A, 5% USRDA for calcium, 20% USRDA for folic acid.

6 PASTA: Loaded with complex carbohydrates for long-lasting energy, whether you're an athlete or a businessman. Enriched pasta also provides iron and the important B vitamins, thiamine, niacin and riboflavin.

1/2-cup serving = 99 calories, 0.5 g fat, 19 g carbohydrate, 3.3 g protein, 0 mg cholesterol, 1 mg sodium, 9% USRDA for thiamine, 4% USRDA for riboflavin, 6% USRDA for niacin, 10% USRDA for iron.

7 BROWN RICE: A good source of complex carbohydrates that provides twice as much fiber as white rice. Moreover, it beats white rice for just about every nutrient, including zinc, magnesium, protein, vitamin B6, and selenium.

1/2-cup serving = 109 calories, 0.9 g fat, 23 g carbohydrate, 2.5 g protein, 5 mg sodium, 0 mg cholesterol, 1.7 g fiber.

8 CARROTS: Just about the best source of vitamin A, one carrot alone supplies more than twice the USRDA. A carrot gives you enough fiber to help you lower cholesterol, speed weight loss and help fight cancer.

1 carrot (2.5 ounces) = 31 calories, 0.1 g fat, 25 mg sodium, 0 mg cholesterol, 2.3 g fiber, 203% USRDA for vitamin A, 11% USRDA for vitamin C.

9 CHICKEN: Three ounces of skinless chicken breast has only 3 grams of fat and contains vitamin b6, a nutrient important for metabolizing protein. Dark meat has more fat that white, but also more B vitamins, iron, zinc and other nutrients. About skin: The usual advice is to cook the bird without it. (A thigh with skin can contain as much fat as beef.) But skin fat doesn't "migrate" into chicken meat, according The New England Journal of Medicine. You may want to leave the skin on to keep the meat from drying out while cooking. Just don't give in to eating the crispy stuff later.

3-oz. chicken breast, with no skin, roasted = 142 calories, 3.2 g fat, 0 g carbohydrate, 27 g protein, 64 mg sodium, 0 g fiber, 62% USRDA for niacin, 26% USRDA for vitamin B6.

10 CORN: An often-overlooked source of fiber and carbohydrate. Sure, fresh corn tastes best, but frozen and canned alternatives are convenient ways to get additional fiber in your diet. Corn also has almost no fat.

1/2-cup serving = 89 calories, 1 g fat, 21 g carbohydrate, 2.7 g protein, 14 mg sodium, 2.4 g fiber, 38 micrograms folic acid.

11 WHOLE-GRAIN CEREALS: Besides providing lots of complex carbohydrates, they're a great way to get fiber in your diet -- a prevention measure that the National Cancer Institute strongly recommends. What's more, research suggests that eating a high-fiber cereal at breakfast may curb your appetite at lunch. Read the labels: A cereal should contain at least 5 grams of fiber and no more than 1 or 2 grams of fat per serving. Some cereals that trumpet themselves as being good fiber sources actually provide insignificant amounts, and may have as much fat per serving as a pat of butter. Don't worry too much about the sugar content. Actually a bowl of low-fat but sugary cereal with skim milk is a much better antidote to a sweet tooth than a bowl of ice cream or a hunk of fat-laden cake.

"WHAT'YA EXPECT WITHOUT A RUBBER"

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HE LIKED THE GANG BANG

MANSLUT

"I was so fucking horny that I think I would have fucked a blow up doll if that had been all there were available, right in front of anybody who wanted to watch me go at it..."

by Richard Peters

It was certainly an amusing situation: Joel was nude and well-fucked in the bedroom, Lars was kneeling, licking his lips, waiting to suck cock in the kitchen, and the one-without-a-name was sprawled out on the living room sofa, his pants down around his ankles, ready for a blowjob.

"Joel was nude and so well fucked that his hole was oozing slime from all the butt slides he'd already experienced before I had my turn. There was something very special about going into a fried hole when you knew all your buddiesw before you had already been there and gotten off; it's increcidibly hot to say the least"

First there was Joel, the bedroom's occupant, who had been job-hunting. I'd seen him hitching and invited him home for supper. Later, some soft music and snifters of brandy heightened our mood for foreplay. He was a handsome blonde of slim build and medium height, and it was easy to discover what made him hot: deep gentle passionate kisses to licking and sucking on his neck. Soon all Joel's doors were open to me.

I'd stripped quickly in the bedroom while Joel took a shower. When he rinsed the shampoo out of his hair and his blue eyes, he was surprised to find me in the tub with him. Before he could speak I kissed him.

He felt wonderful in my arms. Joel's skin combined the smoothness of marble with the softness of velvet, stretched tautly over voluptuously curved flesh. His buttocks were so

"His butt hungry cock was throbbing in my mouth, my lips stretching over its full length and girth; I loved being a dick pig, that was all about me..."

firm you could have bounced silver dollars off them. My hands slid down his wet body to grasp those succulent buns.

Heat emanated from Joel's asscrack. I

FALCON STUDIOS

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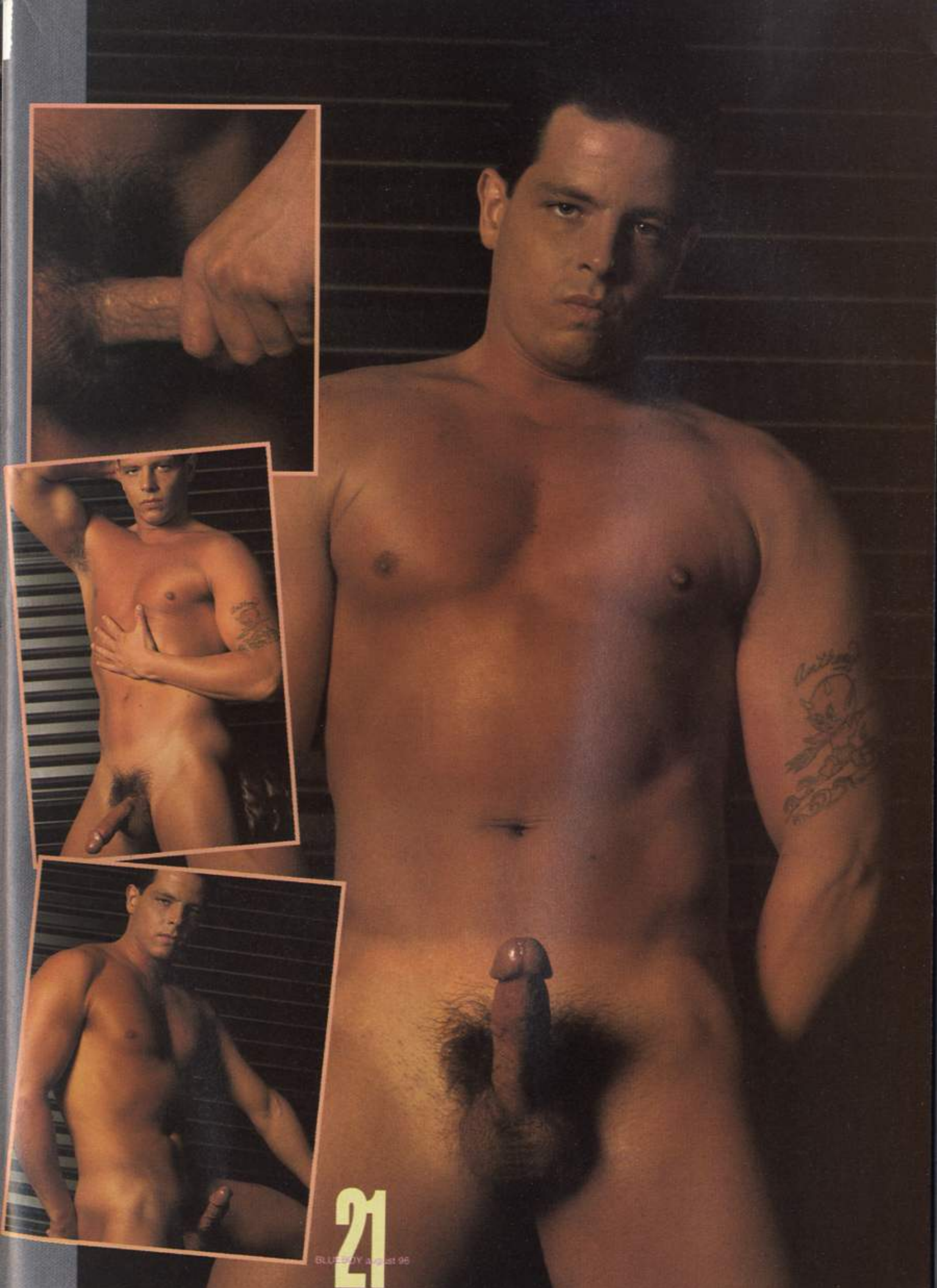


cameron

"One of my favorite studios whom you use now and then is *Forum*. They don't always shoot the same kind of guy. You'll often find their models a little bit older, like in their mid to late twenties, and they seem more natural. You know, not the typical shaved butt, blond bimbo you find with most of the models from other studios. There was a guy I remember once seeing named Tony Cameron. I don't know if that was his real name or not, but that's what they called him, and I thought he was really hot. Maybe you could show us some shots of him from *Forum*. I'd be a happy man if you did, as I recall I was beating-off for about three months the last time I saw him in a photo spread."

•••

"I haven't seen much of him anywhere and to tell you the truth, I don't even remember where I saw him last, but his name is Tony Cameron, and I'd be most appreciative if you could get some nude shots of him and print them in your *Blueboy*."

•••

"He reminds you of the boy next door. The one that would take you for every fucking penny you had and you'd be happy about it as long as you got a piece of his ass or got to suck his cock for a while. Tony Cameron. I remember the name. Give us a spread on him, what say?"

•••

"Recently I saw one of those brochures that the video companies put out, but I misplaced the video. But on the brochure there's a young man by the name of Tony Cameron. I don't know whether or not you could get a hold of some of his photography, but I'd be one very pleased lifetime subscriber if you did."

•••

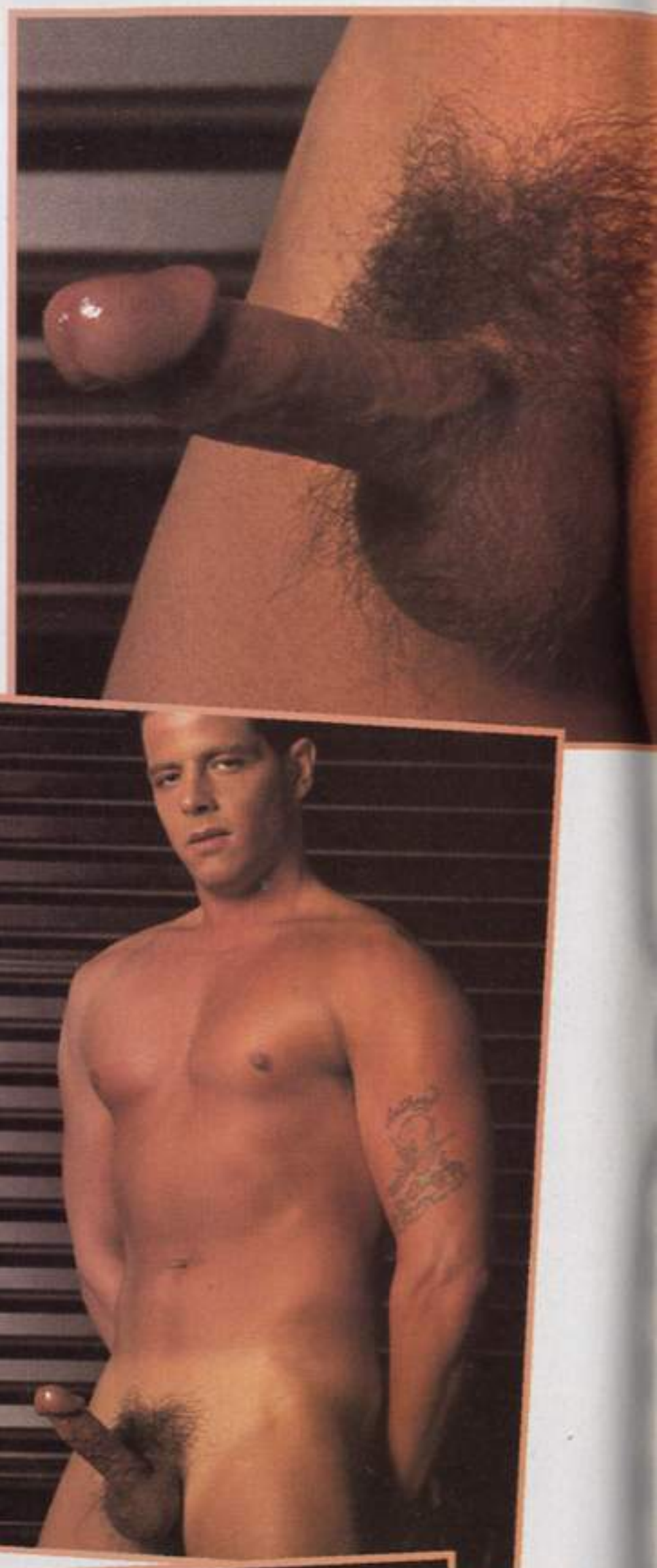
"I don't' know if you can answer this question or not, but I was wondering about the sexual interests of Tony Cameron. I saw him not too long ago in a *Forum Studios* video jerking off, but I don't recall any scene where he was getting screwed or screwing somebody, which leaves it to one's imagination as to whether this Tony Cameron is a straight boy or a faggot. I have to admit that the thought of sucking his cock or screwing his hole is much more appealing if I knew for a fact he were straight. I love the thought of screwing straight men. They are the best fucks, because they just love to get a cock in their ass. Sort of like Marines. The minute you get them home, up go the legs. And that is truly fine with me. So tell us about Tony Cameron. Straight or gay? That is the question."

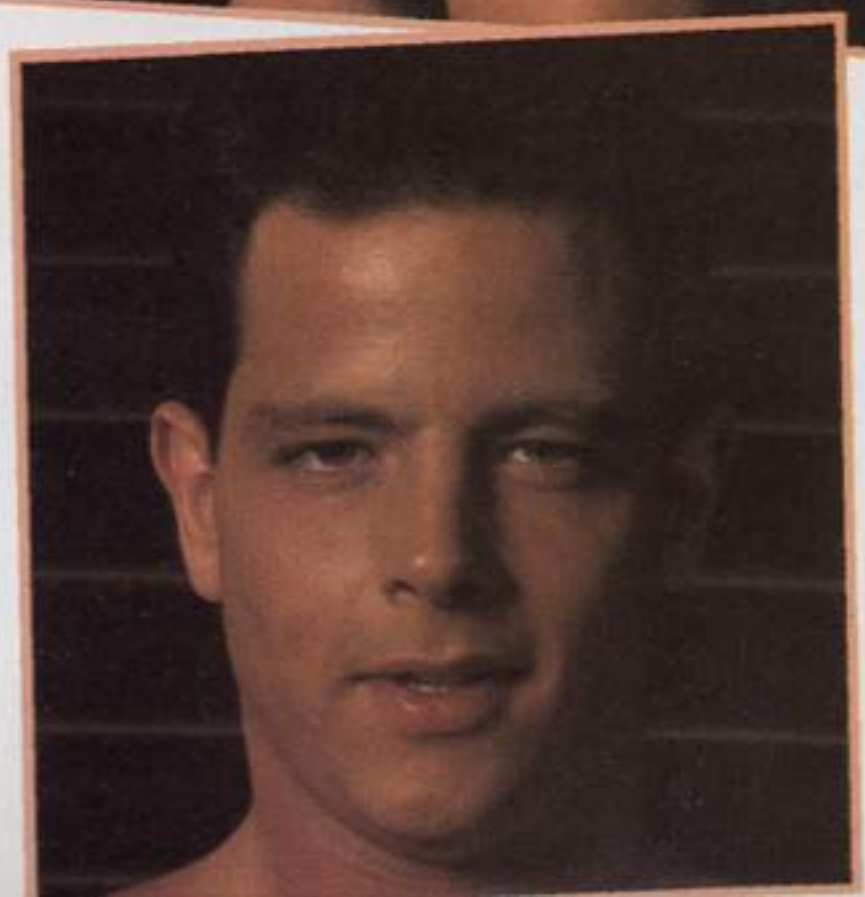
•••

"Tony Cameron is my dream man. You mentioned about a year or so ago in one or more of your issues that you were holding a contest or something and that some lucky man could win a date with one of your sluts. If the deal is still on, count me in and if there's a choice of sluts, I'll take Tony Cameron. I don't know if you can get him or not, but I think he's so fucking hot I'd pay for the date; I'd even fly him out here to see me. He's my idea of a perfect man: maybe even a perfect lover. Let me know!

•••

"Two words: Tony Cameron. Give us more of this young man. I want to see him hard and cumming!"





He'll take in the ass, but you have to put yours out first!

"He's smooth and horny and likes to play with big boy toys..."

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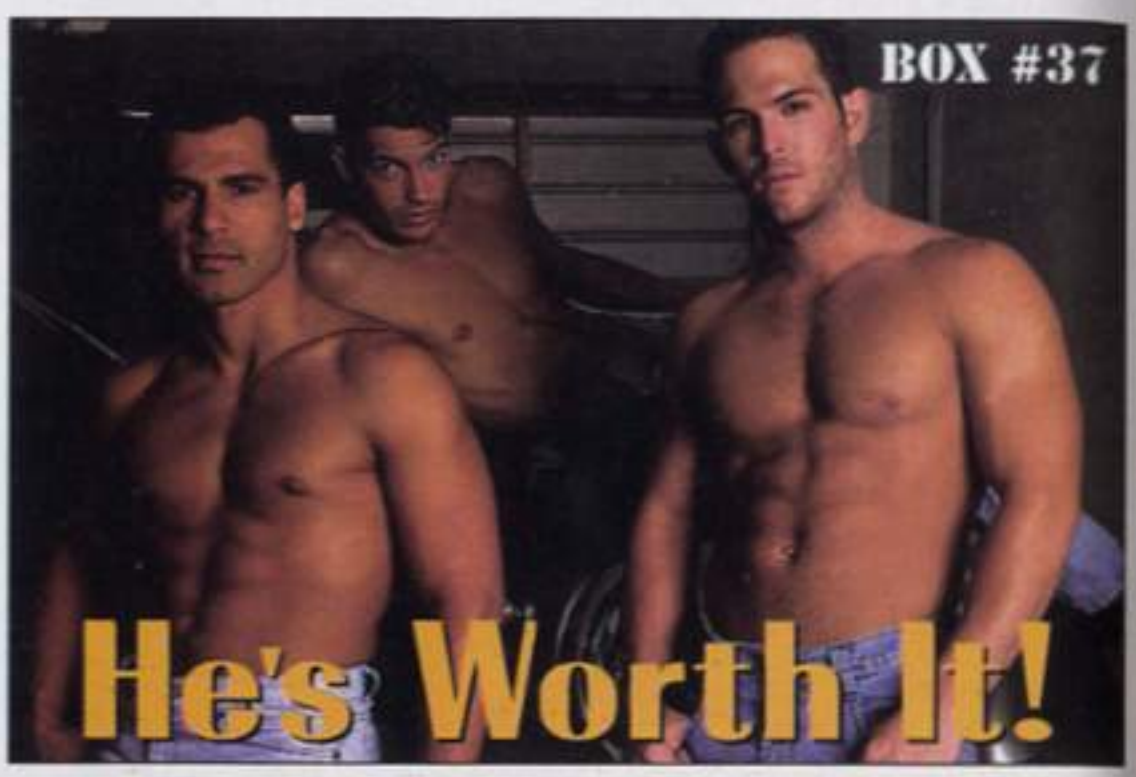

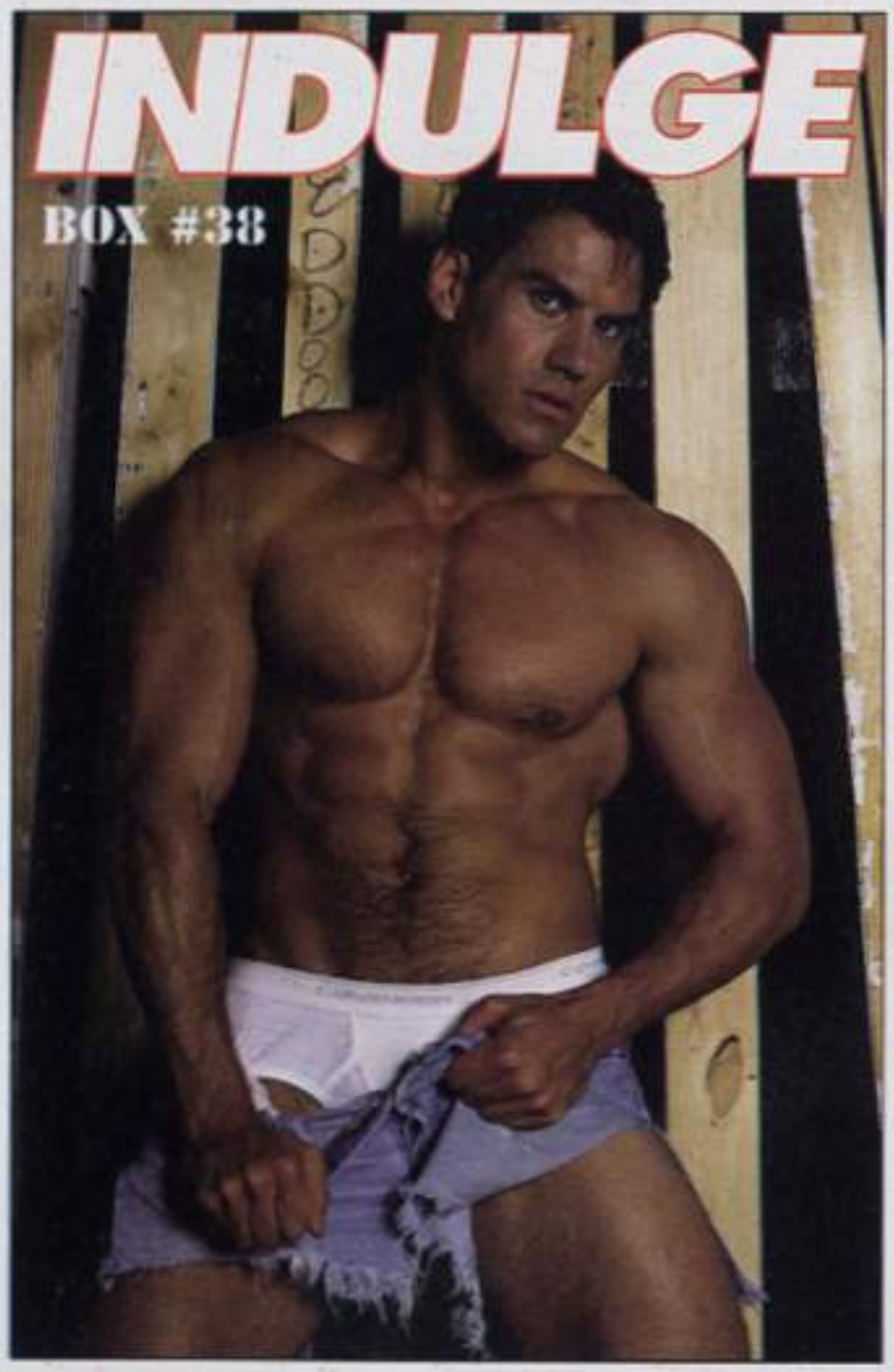

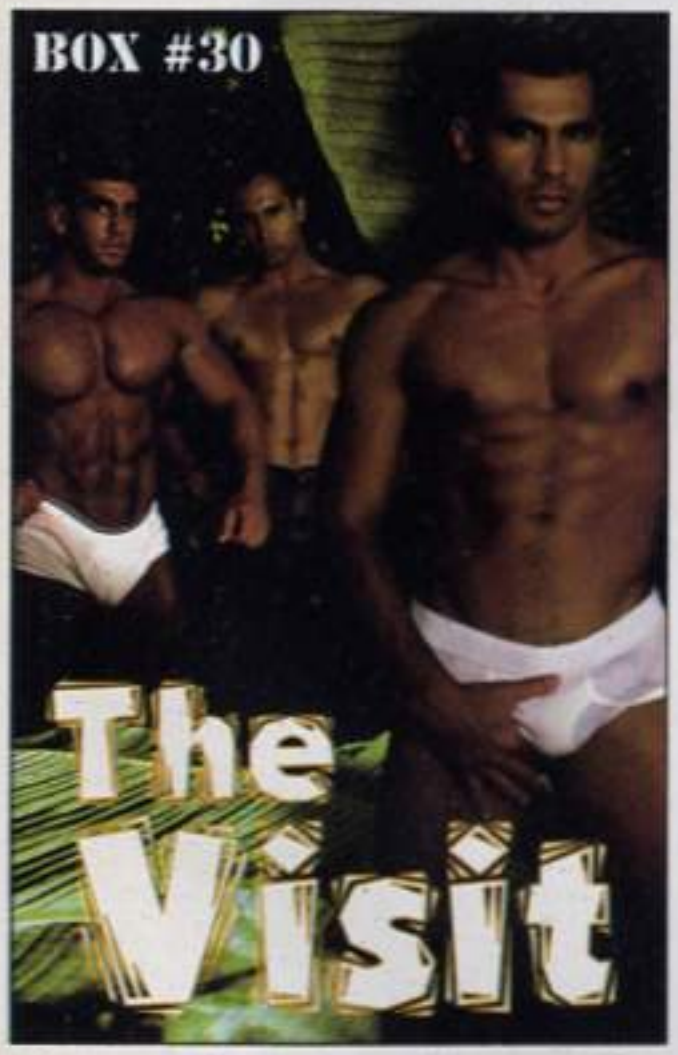

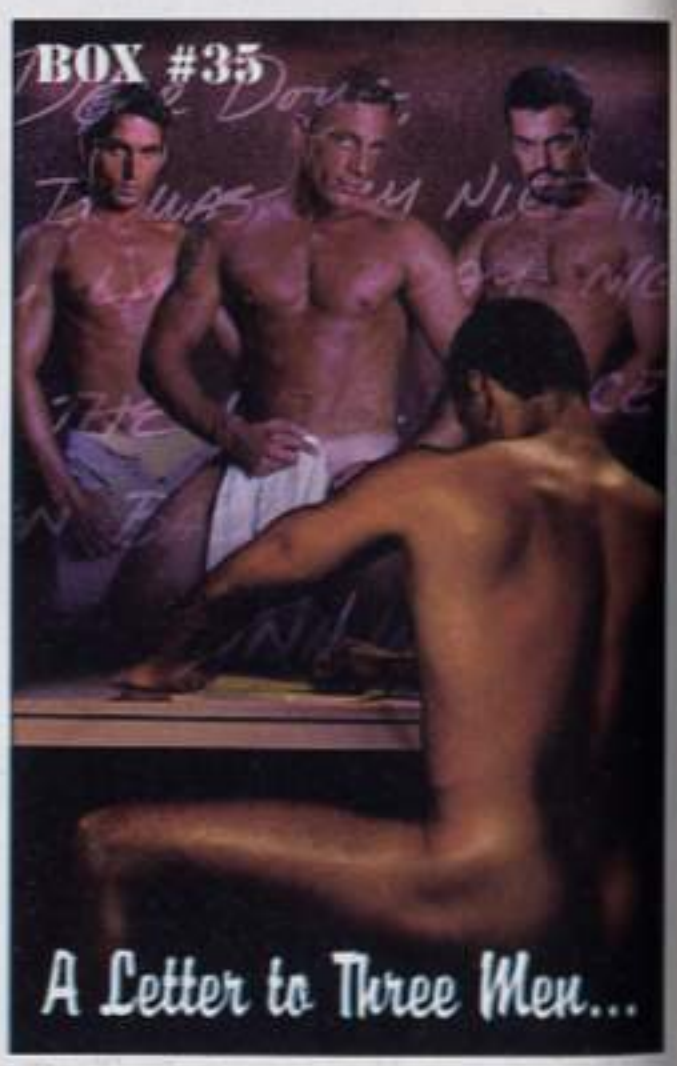

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the softness of velvet, stretched tautly over voluptuously curved flesh. His buttocks were so firm you could have bounced silver dollars off them. My hands slid down his wet body to grasp those succulent buns.

" It was also the most delicious thing I had ever tasted. I savored the remnants on my tongue, licking the inside of my mouth and thinking about that fat, thick cock shooting off..."

Heat emanated from Joel's asscrack. I slid one hand under his balls, slowly feeling my way back to the cleft between his meaty globes. Joel raised one leg and stood his foot on the edge of the tub. My fingers gently and sensually explored the rim of his hot canyon, delving into the chasm itself to find that muscular obstacle to Joel's interior.

I'd never before come across an asshole as tight as his. As I slowly and very patiently slipped finger after finger past his supertight hole, into his soft moist inner corridor, his voice rose to a huge protest. He squirmed, impaled on my fingers, but didn't try to jar himself free of them. I held still until he relaxed his sweet, musky hole.

Cupping my pec in a solid clasp and pressing his lips to it, Joel began to scour the brownish circle. My finger-fucking became more intense, and Joel got so turned-on that he chomped and chewed my nipples until they were raw. The shower's waterfall effect only heightened our lust.

I thought Joel was almost at the point of a premature climax, so I gently pulled my fingers out of him and embraced him, exchanging with him a long and passionate kiss. Then, a bit weak from the intensity of the whole thing, we left the tub. Discarding the towels, I led him to the bedroom and we fell onto the bed.

Now it was tit-play time. While my lips and teeth mauled one of Joel's nipples, kissing and biting it, my fingers played the other one, caressing, squeezing, pinching and twisting it. His body writhed against mine above him, jolted to its core by my work. His inflamed dick thudded against mine, against my pubes and balls, making our lovemaking even hotter and more passionate.

I sat up and straddled Joel's knees so that I could watch his cock bounce each time I softly stroked his pecs. I cupped them and then gently separated my hands to his sides, deftly groping my way down to the slight, perfect swell of his hips. I caressed his skin from hipbone to hipbone, just above his pubic triangle. He shuddered whenever I stroked certain spots with the tips of my fingernails.

"No one ever touched me like this before, Rich. Please take me now or I'll go nuts."

I bent over him so that his bulky, steel-hard prick jammed between my lips and into my mouth, slowly forging its way to the back of my throat. My head moved up and down in a ritual dance, my lips a tight, stretched ring around his thick seven inch cumshaft. His smooth column was constantly laved as my tongue swiped at every part I could reach.

"Turn," he said. "I want some too."

While still working his prick, I maneuvered around so that we were in a sixty-nine position; then Joel too sucked cock, playing my skin flute expertly. He and my dick alternated; he'd suck it, and then I'd make it fuck his face. Finally having swallowed his prong to its root, I rose and capped around his cockhead. My tongue licked his helmet, alternating between darting stabs and slow, long, luxurious laps at his hot mushroom.

Knowing I'd receive his mother load at any moment, I doubled my efforts. I nuzzled him while my mouth suctioned his cock. My throat muscle gripped and released his cockhead by turns as they massaged his tough, spongy corona, making him pant and gasp.

"Yes," he stammered. "Oh, yes yes!"

His jizz blammed triumphantly into my mouth and I greedily feasted. I drank shot after shot of his creamy white cum, thinking he'd never finish shooting. When, at last, he did, I kept his whang in my mouth as it began to soften, and then rotated until I was between his legs again. For a few moments we lay, me on top of Joel, rubbing our groins together. Our tits were so swollen that their pleasurably painful friction was incredible.

We kissed gently and at length, and then, kneeling and grasping his ankles, I raised his legs until they rested on my shoulders. Placing my swelling cockhead between his fleshy melons, I pushed my ass-splitter until it was jammed against his still-tight guard muscle. Slowly, I penetrated him, watching his eyes widen from the pain of invasion. With just the cap of my pud-pounder lodged inside him, I waited until his newly breached ass adjusted to my penetration.

"Come all the way in, Rick," he whispered. "I need you."

I docked the rest of my eight-inch cock deep inside Joel and then began to fuck him. It was beautiful. Pointed at a different angle with each thrust, my battering pole pounded all the walls of his fuck tunnel. Joel gasped and moaned, clenching his butt muscles as I screwed his hole. At times I'd stop, my shaft embedded deep in him, and flex to stretch the damp walls of his fuckhole even more. Long-

"YOUR OLD AGE AND TREACHERY IS ONLY EXCEEDED BY YOUR FAT, GREEN WALLET!"

continued from p.17

dicking alternated with short, pistoning jabs until, unable to hold on any longer, I shot my jizz into his cum bucket. I filled it to overflow, white-washing his insides with my hot seed.

Finally withdrawing from him, I bent down and licked his cum from his inner thighs — he'd climaxed again when I did.

Then we lay next to each other and dozed.

Later, I woke to the sound of soft rapping at the front door. Joel was sound asleep. I padded to the door. Here's where the wild stuff really begins!

Lars was at the door. Before he could speak, I motioned him to silence and led him to the kitchen.

He asked me in a whisper what was going on and I told him of my sleeping guest.

He nodded and smiled, glancing down at my nude lower body, and began to grope me.

Then someone else knocked softly on the door!

I gestured for Lars to sit, closed the kitchen door behind me, and went to the front door again.

I recognized the new guest but could not remember his name.

I gestured for him to go into the living room and sat down next to him on the sofa. He spoke in a whisper.

"The last time I was here, you gave me head ... such wonderful head ... the best anyone ever gave me."

I unbuckled his belt and unzipped his fly. Whatever-his-name-was raised his hips so I could take off his pants. I knelt on the floor and went down on him.

His already stiff prick was one of the tastiest I ever ate. I still didn't remember his name, but I remembered his cock now. The flavor of his foreskin, added to his spicy aroma, combined to work as an aphrodisiac on my senses, transforming me into a totally sexual animal again.

I spent a lot of time repeatedly inserting my tongue into his foreskin, working the cockhead and drawing out the precum that had gathered there. Then I bit his foreskin and pulled it from his body, stretching it over his boner.

Remembering now how sensitive his tits were, I slid my hand under his shirt, fondling them, tweaking and pulling.

He breathed a lusty sigh. Pulling the rest of his clothes off, I soon had him nude.

My hands and mouth were everywhere. I tasted his underarms, his tits, his balls, cock and asshole.

Nameless started to buck on the couch, his legs moving in every direction as he grunted with pleasure. I knelt on the floor before him, drove my face into his ass, and then returned to his cock, finally bringing him to climax.

His faucet gushed cream into my throat and his body again bucked with each volley.

When there was no more to swallow, I stood up, helped him get dressed and walked him to the door.

"Thanks," he whispered, kissed me gently, and then left.

Then I remembered that Lars was still in the kitchen! When I entered, he was kneeling on the floor facing me, licking his lips. I walked up to him, turned around and bent over ... Lars loved to rim me, and my ass loved his tongue.

Lars held onto my hips with his callused, laborer's hands to steady my body as he dove between my sweet, ripe melons and lapped his way to my tender asshole.

Swabbing it for a while, he curled his tongue into shape to push it spear-like through.

y buttocks clenched and unclenched around his tongue as it went deeper into me. I couldn't believe what I was feeling.

Lars ate my ass out so deeply and completely that I wondered how he could breath in there. After what seemed an eternity of torture-teasing my ass, Lars turned me around and took my cock in his mouth.

He paid special attention to the slit, knowing I leaked buckets of precum.

My balls by now became too heavy with fuck-juice. I sensed it traveling up my shaft. Lars too sensed it.

He tightened his lips around my rod and slid his head on it from crown to root.

"Here it comes," I whispered hoarsely, as I finally busted my nut into his mouth. His hands pulled the globes of my ass forward so that he could keep the circumcised head of my cock lodged down his throat. My wrist-thick cylinder throbbed as it pumped my jizz into him.

He drank my warm, wet sex-juice like a man who just crawled through a desert.

Finishing his drink, Lars let go of my body and stood up.

He kissed me quickly and strode quietly through the living room and out the front door as I stealthily walked to the bed. I thought for a moment just what had happened. I think at that moment for the first time in my life I actually wondered if I would ever experience anything as hot as as incredibly memorable as that again.

The end of an absolutely fantastic night.

Now it's over and I'm a bit tired.

I lay next to Joel, my back to him.

He rolls over and embraces me, moves up against me, his cock poised to enter my ass.

"Welcome back," he says softly, and thrusts forward.

"Thay, Mister, I think I would tell you that you're talking to a man. Do you still want to stick your big cock up my sticky, pink snatch?"

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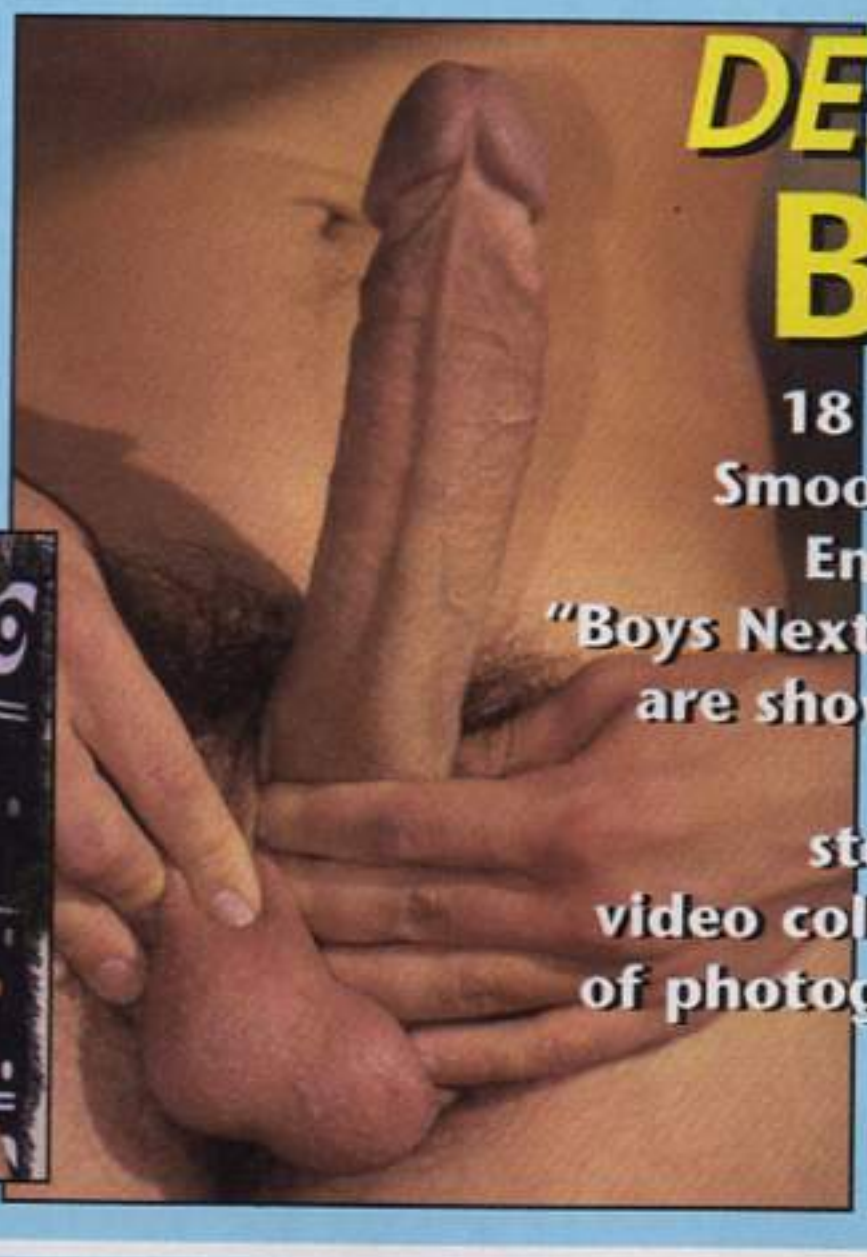

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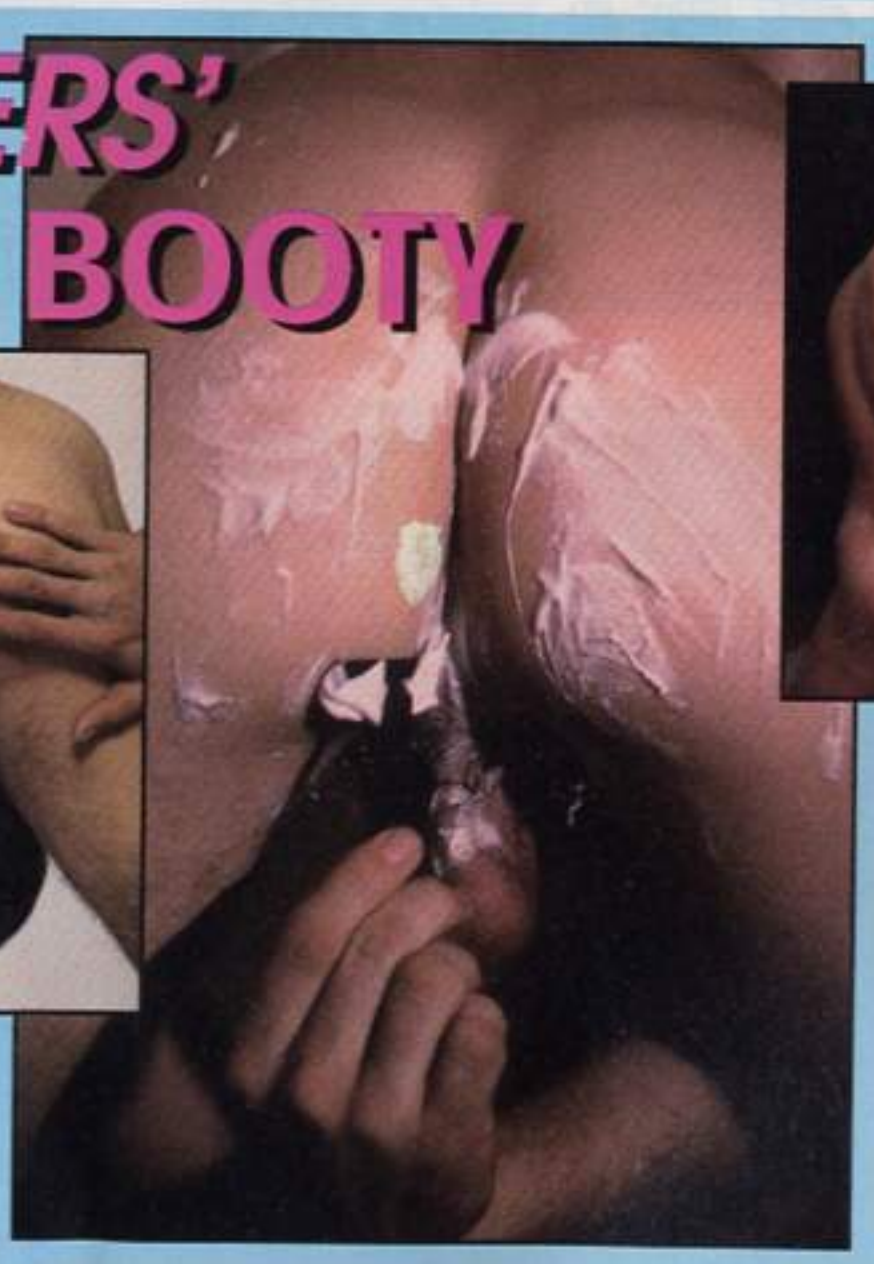

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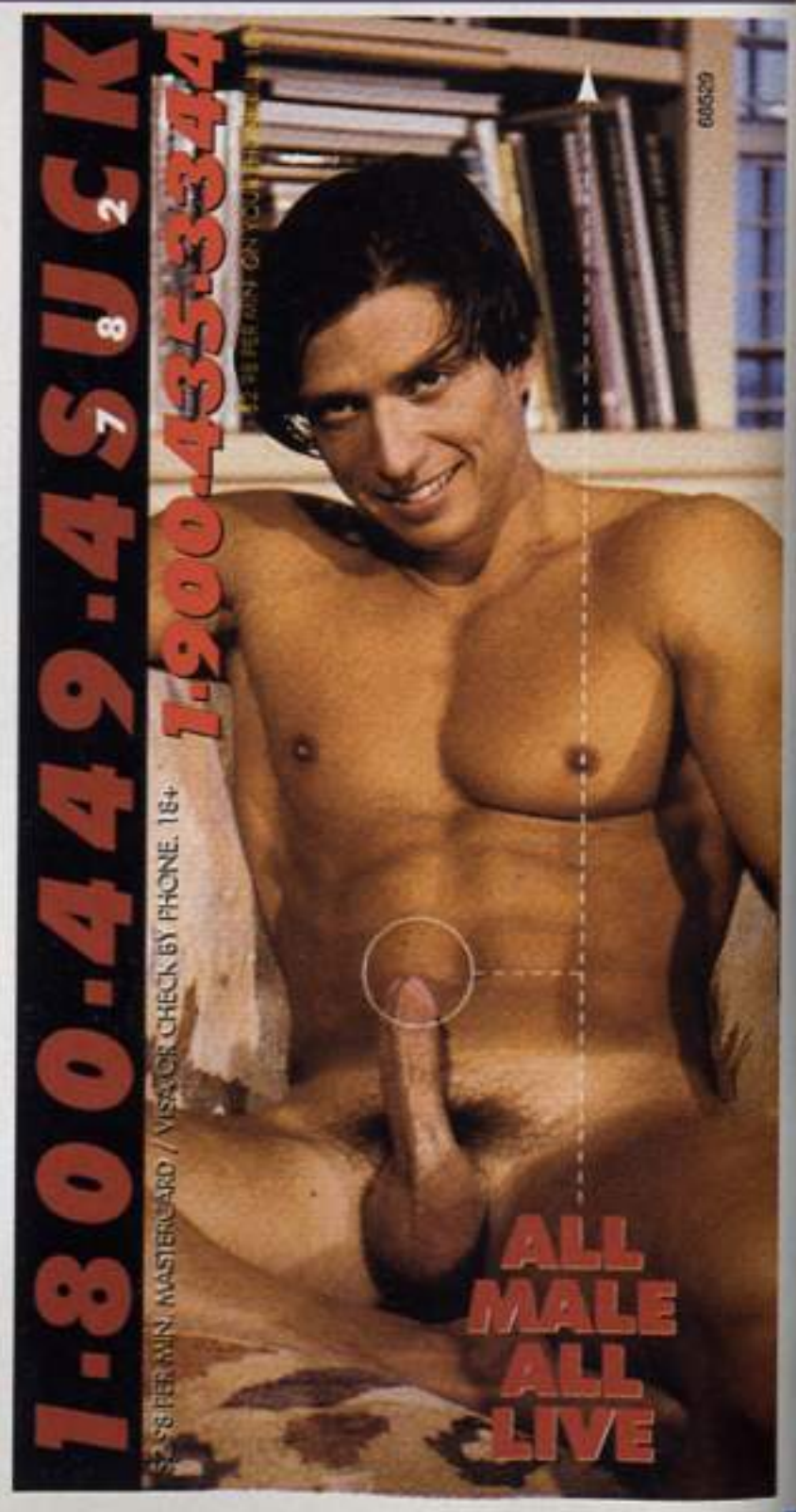
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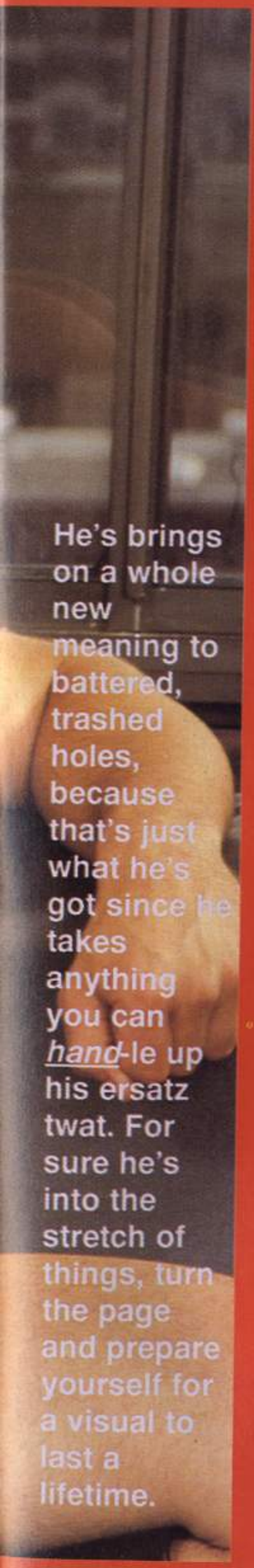
kristen bjorn

He's brings on a whole new meaning to battered, trashed holes, because that's just what he's got since he takes anything you can *hand*-le up his ersatz twat. For sure he's into the stretch of things, turn the page and prepare yourself for a visual to last a lifetime.



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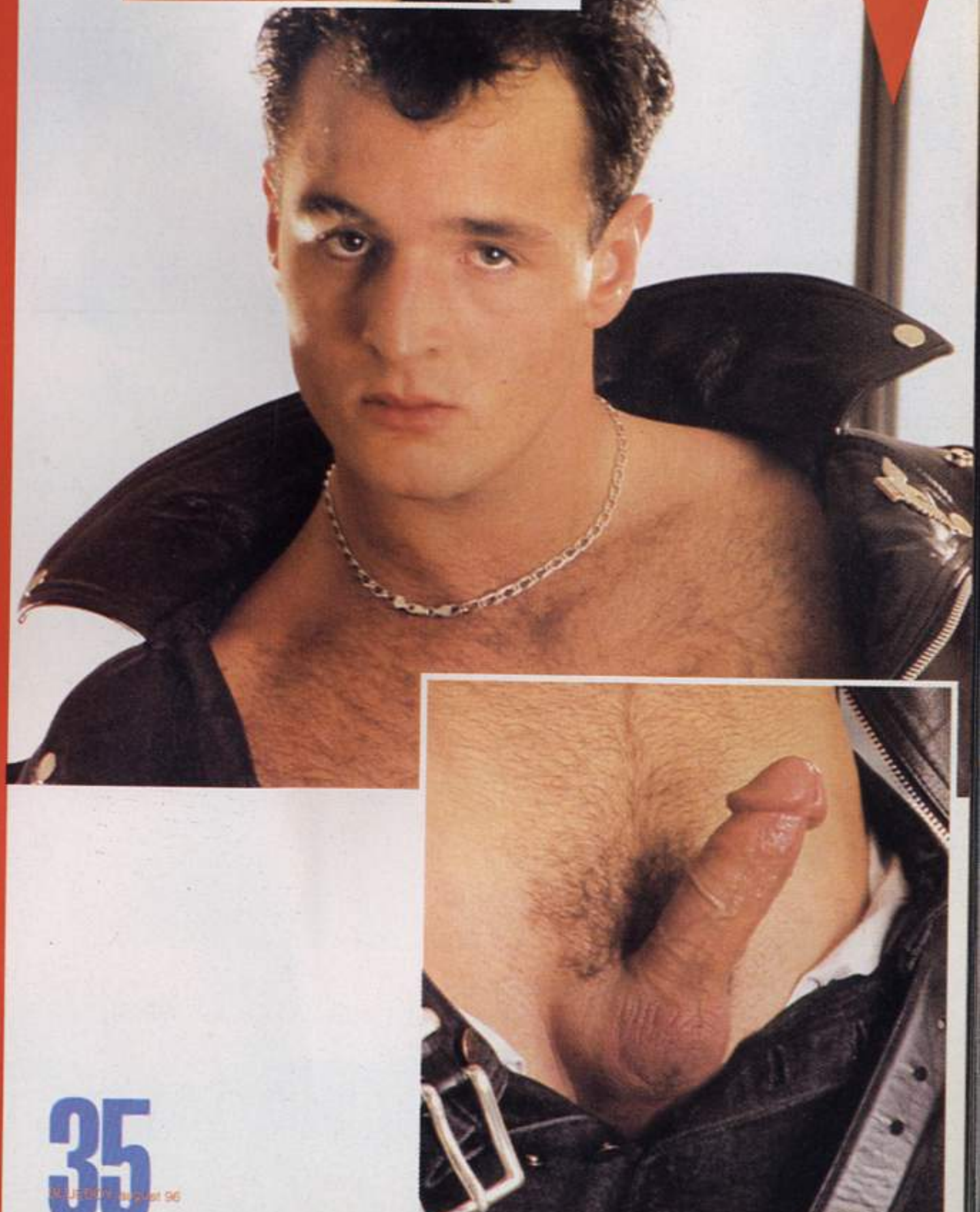

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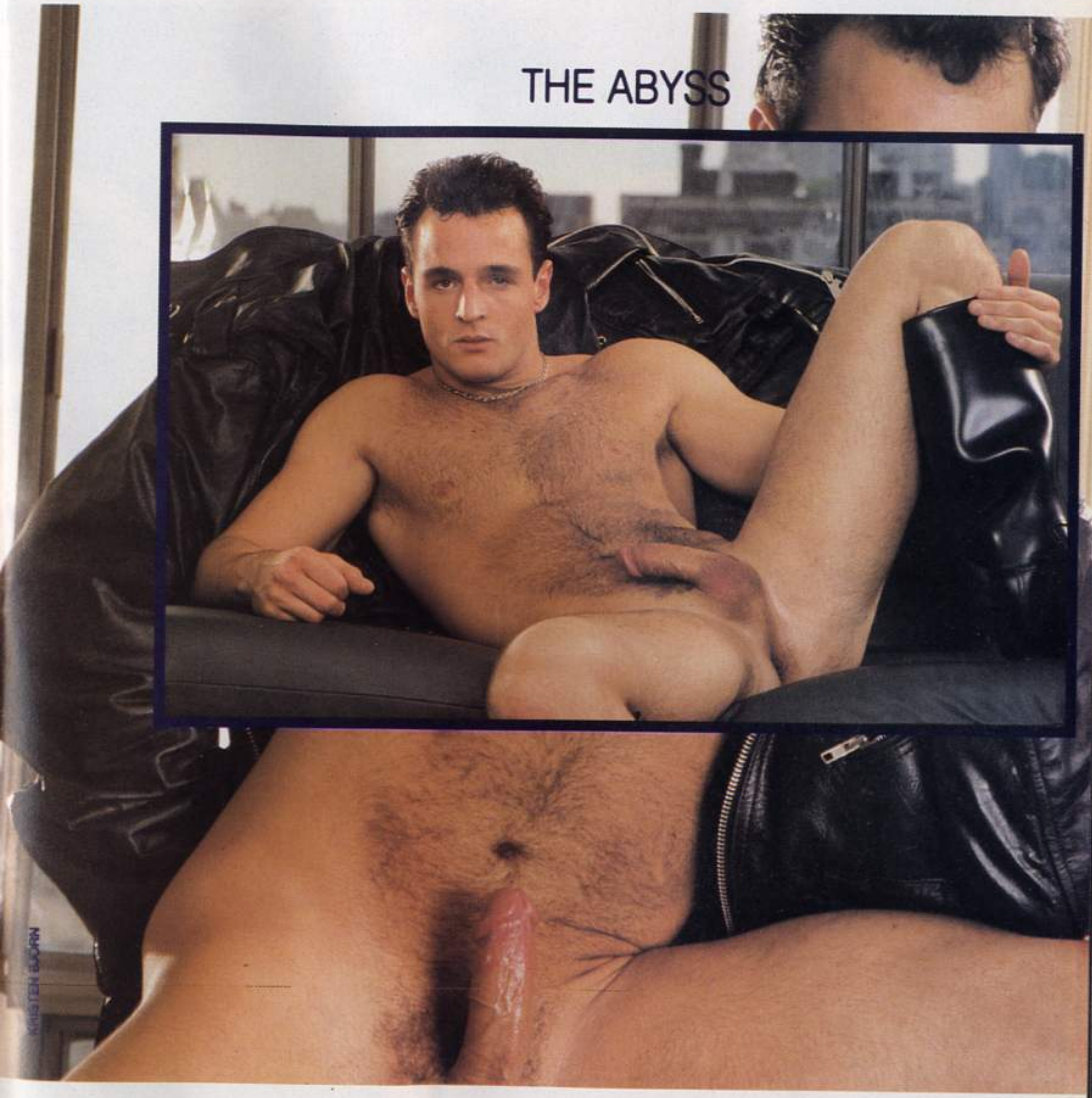

Kristen Bjorn has an eye for finding and shooting extremely hot men in extremely hot poses. Many of his beaus are bottoms, but none to date has captured our eye quite like Luc Cotê whose well traveled ass we call the abyss. Take it in for all its size and glory and imagine what it takes to get this stud off...

"Love goes deep!"

Luc

coté

Such warm, inviting eyes. Such a quiet way he has. Then you slide your fingers down the back of his pants and all of a sudden you've lost your watch. He's got a hole on him the size of New Jersey, but, for all interested, he can take it and take it deep. Mount his pie and go for it. Hard as he may squeeze those butt muscles, it may be too late, but, hey, give it a try. He can take it.

...don't let this shy move fool you, this ass has been had.

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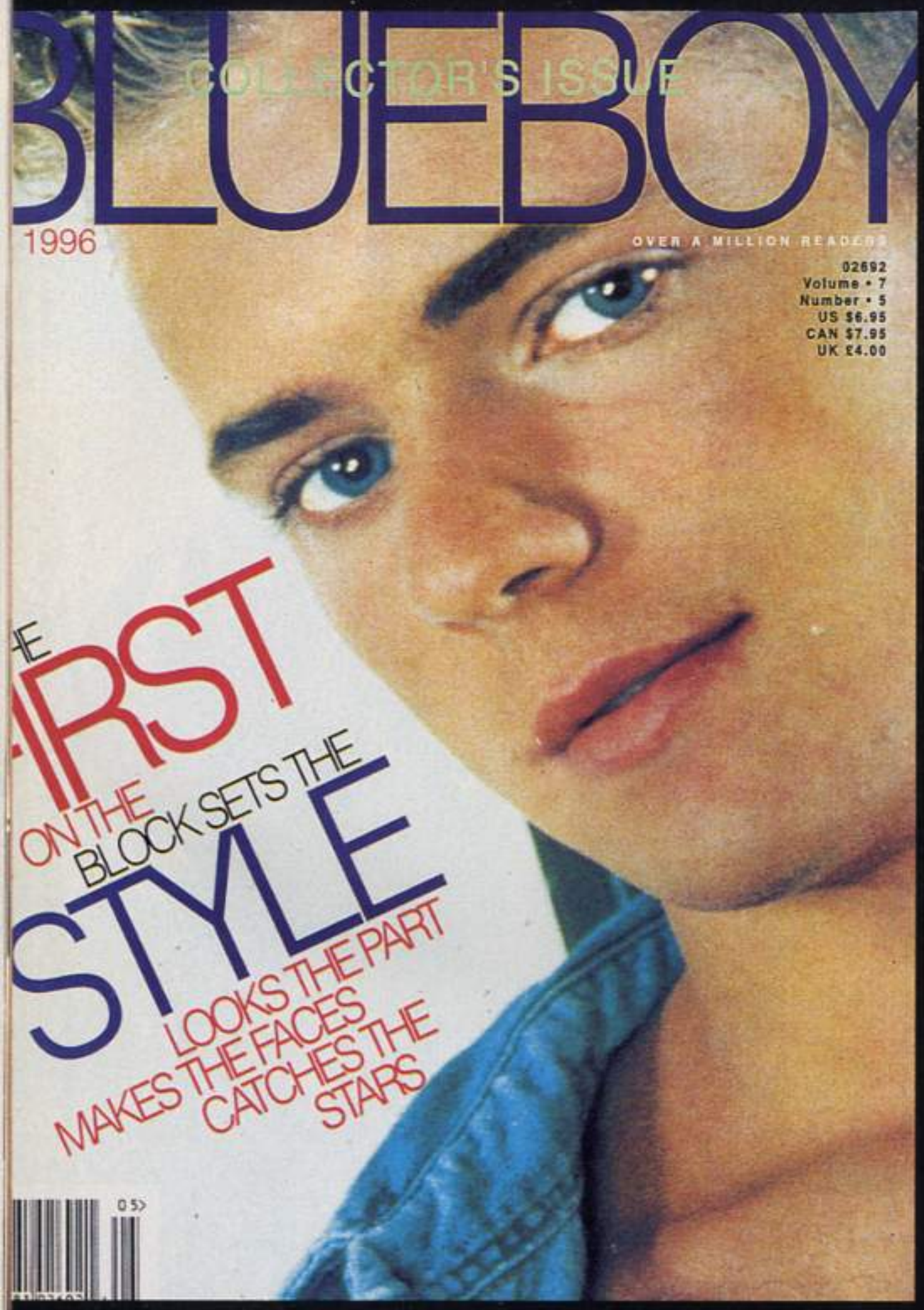

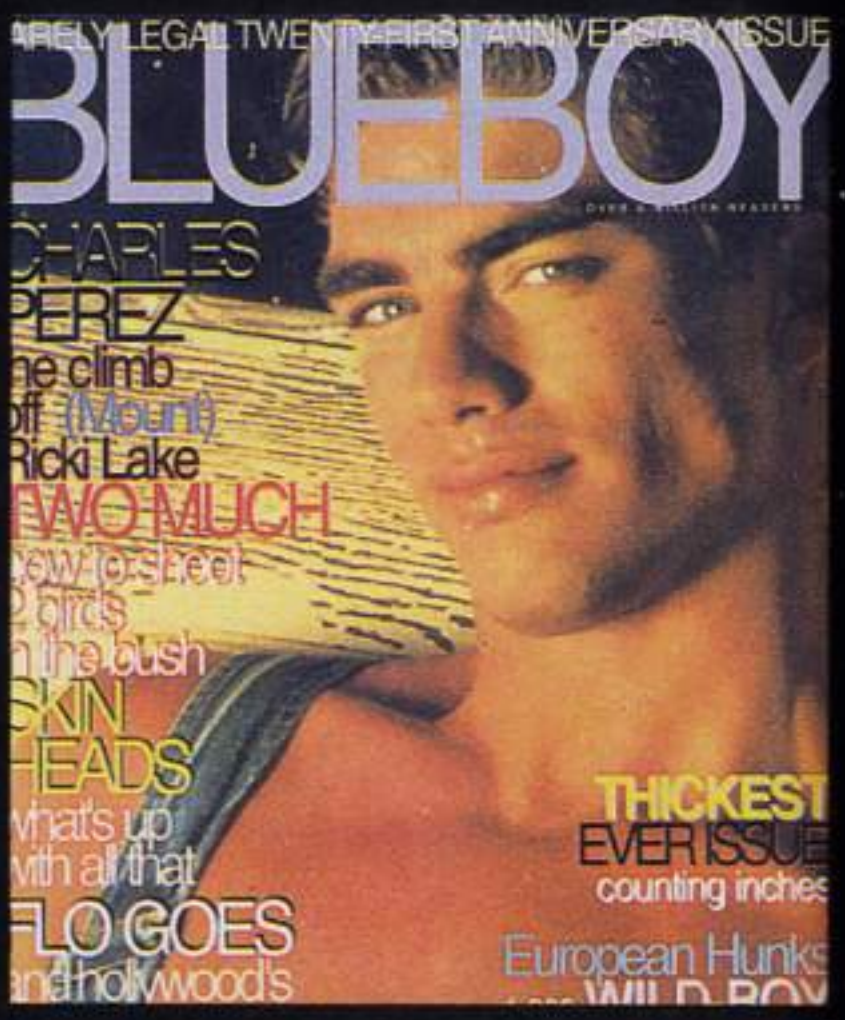

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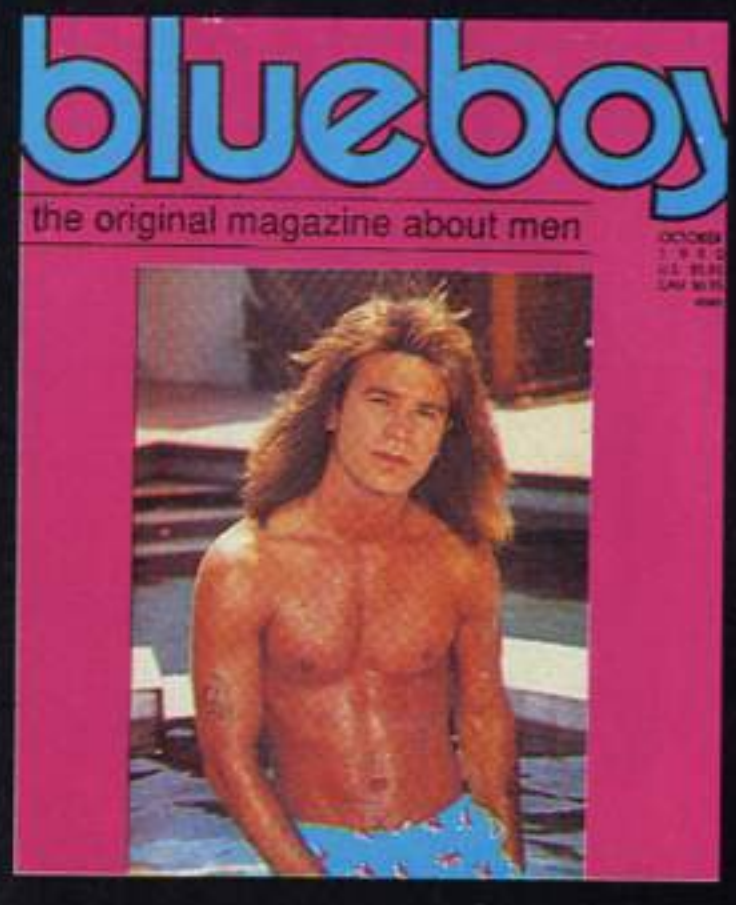

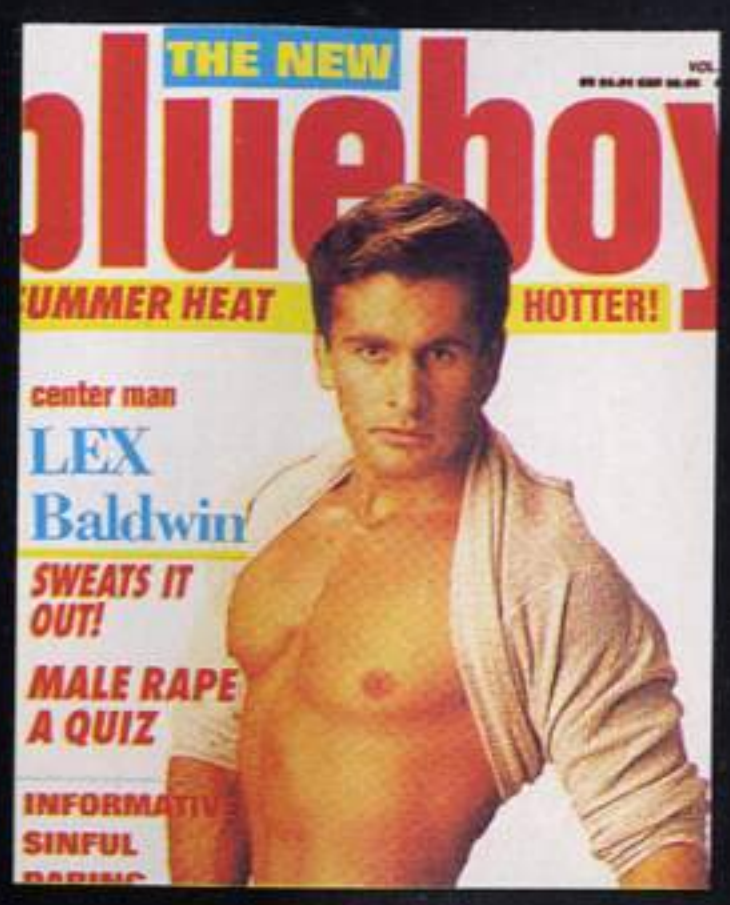

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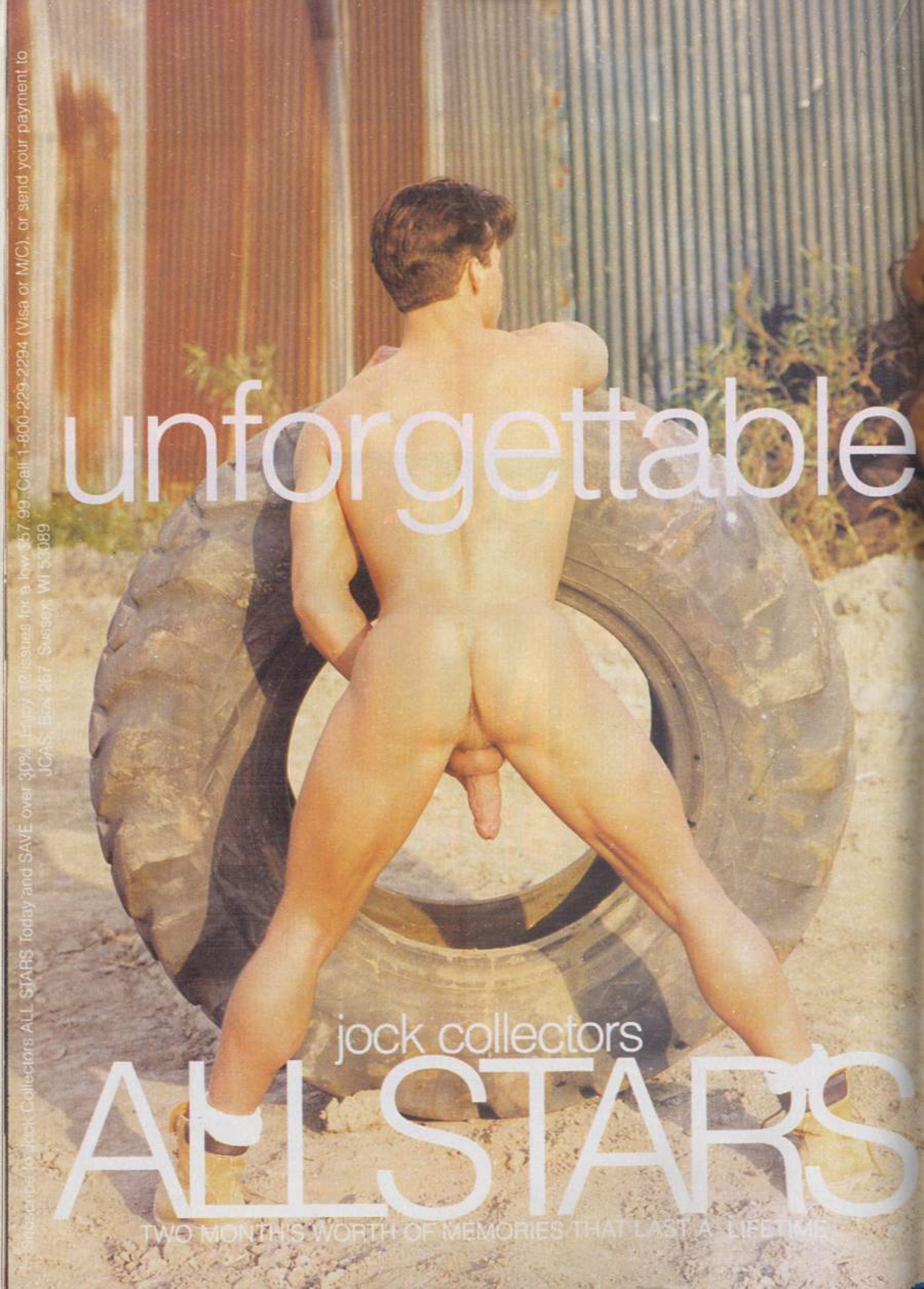
And we're about to do it again. Get your portfolios ready, because this year we'll be holding our 21st annual international contest, and your town may be on the list as a local contest entrant.

How big is this event? Our first contest finals held at New York's *Madison Square Garden* brought in hundreds of entries. Our second produced over 1,000–so many men and so many, many prizes.

This is your chance to have your best work seen by the people who really count...agents, art directors, media buyers, gallery owners, and yes, run of the mill pervs who read *Blueboy* monthly. See if you've got what it takes, or even more!

If you own or manage a bar, or if you're just a hot man looking to strut your stuff and want to know more details on this years event and what it could mean to you and yours, fax us right away and we'll send you off your starter/information kit that explains the whole thing. Do it now. And who knows? You may be the next Blueboy Man of the Year!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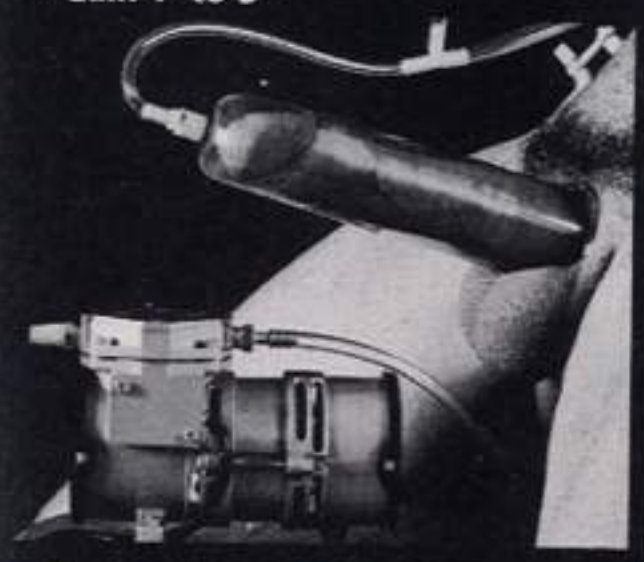

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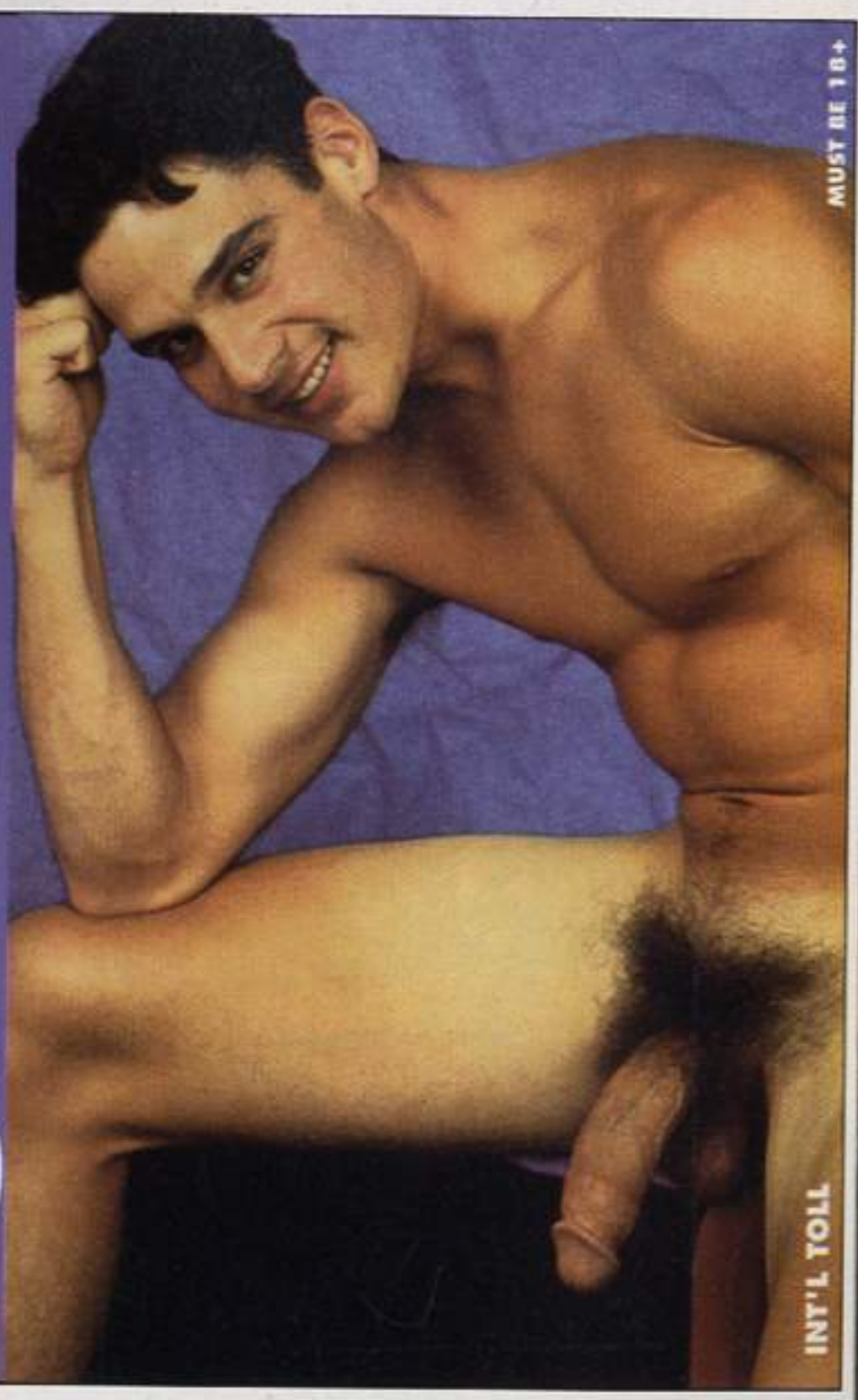

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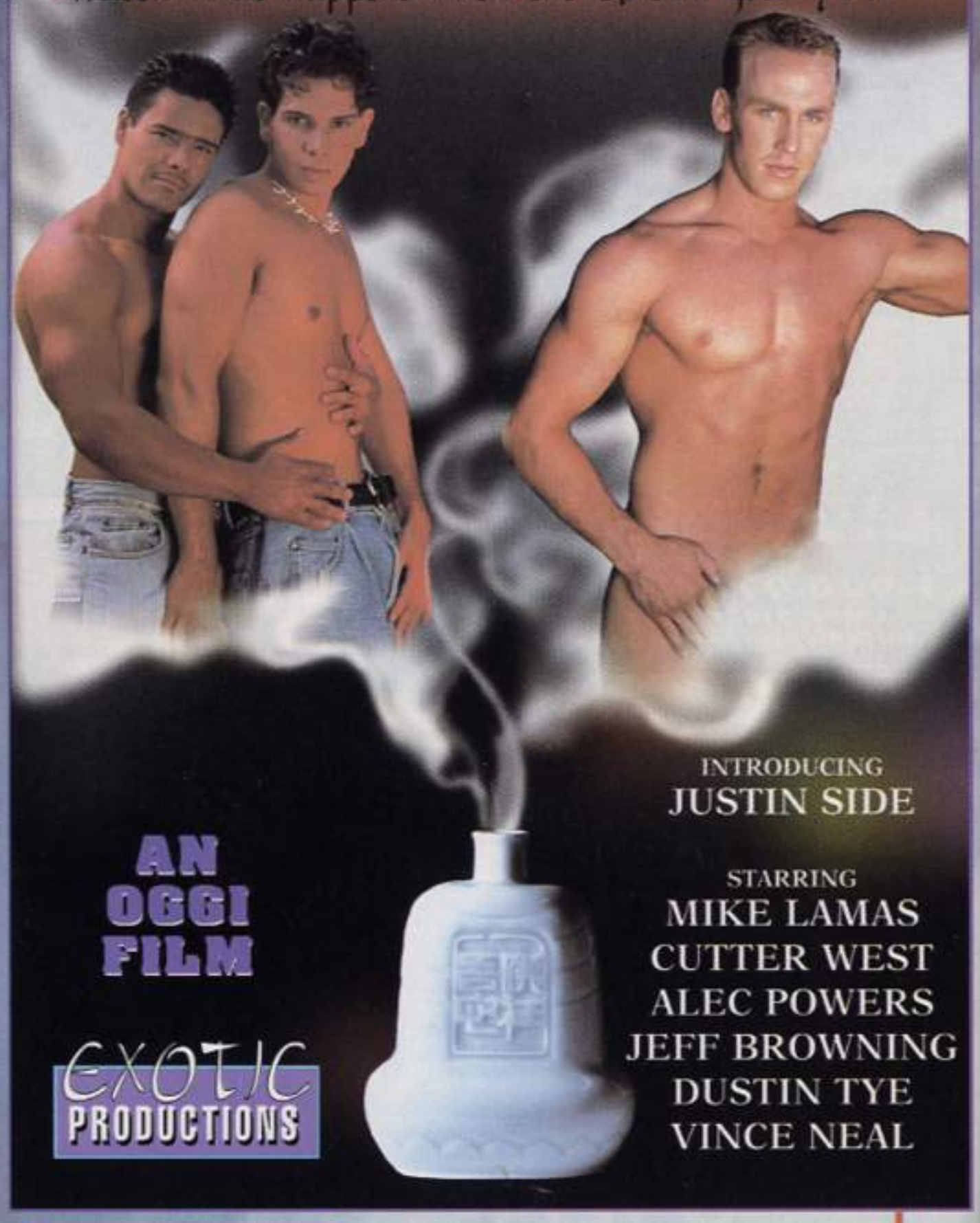

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KRISTEN BJORN

GEOFFREY COX

by kristen bjorn

takes his namesake in the slit...

COX

Geoffrey Cox lives sex in the sleaze lane. He likes to get naked and spread his legs way wide to give his hole to anybody with a cock big enough to make him scream. His favorite way of getting off: two men at one time, one down his throat, the other up his slit, banging away and coming at the same time...

G E O F F R E Y

C O X

Geoffrey likes it when you finger his butthole and get him good and spit-slicked so it's easy to slide in your hard, nasty cock. When asked, Geoffrey admits to being a slut. He'd love to get gang banged by a dozen or more dudes all waiting in line for a piece of his hole.

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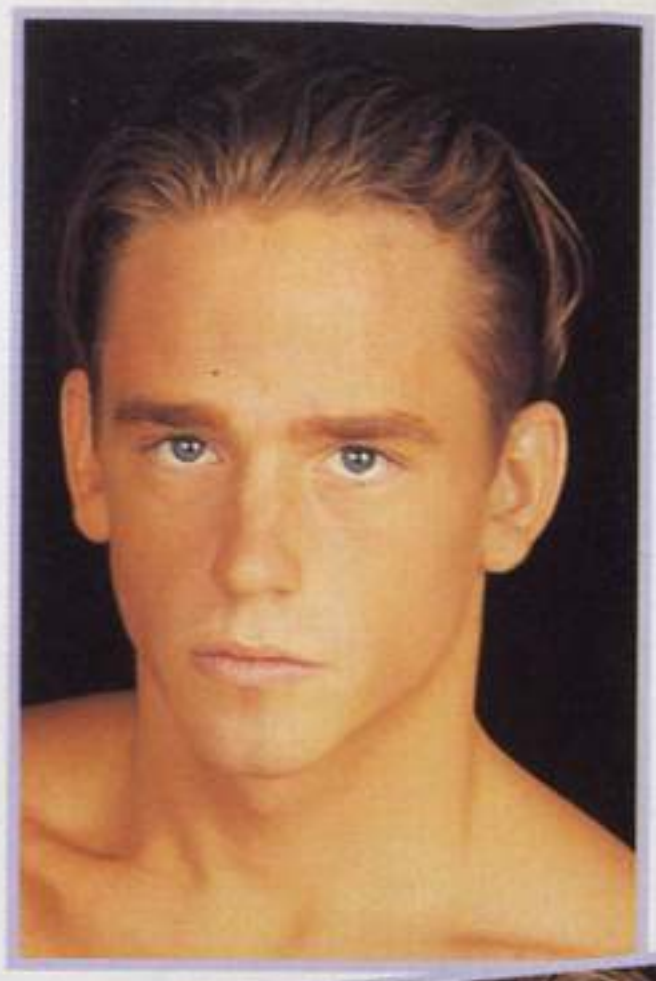
chad rose



enjoy

He's 21, he's from New York City and he's a bit on the shy side. He's done a few videos and you'll see his naked ass in some of the national phone sex ads, but in real life Chad's got a lover and that's enough sex for him now, his video days are over; at least until the money or honey runs out.

• • •

Chad Rose as seen through the way talented lens of *Butch R. Blanch* Blueboy staff photographer.

Chad

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Lakeshore bootie

he was scum on the side of a boat.

When our eyes met I knew at that moment that he was going to be the best fuck I had ever had."

by CARL DAVIDSON

I agreed to house-sit for some friends of mine, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. They're fairly wealthy, and I knew it was a house on a lake, fully equipped with speed boat, tennis courts, a pool, and well-supplied with food and drink. However, I thought I'd be able to see the city lights from the windows at night. I could only see the mountains and sky. Now I'm not against this kind of thing, but I guess I'm a city boy at heart. I can only "Ooh" and "Ahh" and the pretty scenery for so long. I had planned to do a little clubbing, maybe pick somebody up and party with him, if you get my meaning. I arrived late Friday afternoon to an empty house in the middle of nowhere with a note telling me to "Be right at home and do whatever you want." Great.

I wandered the house in amazement at the luxuries. The rooms were massive and expensively decorated. The place was huge, absolutely beautiful, but the whole time, as I gave myself a tour of all the rooms, I was feeling a bit alone. I kept thinking what a great place this would be to party in, and I wanted to be completely off the wall and nasty with someone. Unfortunately, I had no way of getting to the city now. My friends had taken their car to the airport with them, and I couldn't afford another cab ride; as it was, the cab ride to the house was a lot more expensive then I had expected. Should have planned ahead, I know, but I'm not that type of person. Now I was stuck on this gorgeous estate with no one to enjoy it with.

I went out to the pool area to check it out and found a full bar waiting for me. Well, that was something to do. While making myself a drink, I found another note. This one was telling me how the grounds keeper was due on Saturday afternoon and not to worry because he knew that I would be staying there over the weekend. The note went on to say that he was to be trusted, because his employment with them had spanned over the last ten years.

"Great," I thought, "me and Grandpa Grounds are going to be the only ones around for miles." I finished my drink and made another as it began to get darker. I took a swim, listened to music and began getting smashed.

"The semen flows into a tube filled with warm saline solution. One vital spermatozoon leads the pact, pulsing through the warm slime toward the pearlescent light in the chamber..."

As I sat at one end of the pool I heard a buzz from the gate at the other end. I looked at the clock. It was 11:30 and I couldn't figure out who the hell would be out this way. I got a bit scared, jumped up and shouted, "Who's out there? Who the hell is it?" After all, the woods can be kind of creepy at night. Just you, the crickets, and the darkness. A faint voice answered back, "It's Paul. I'm the grounds

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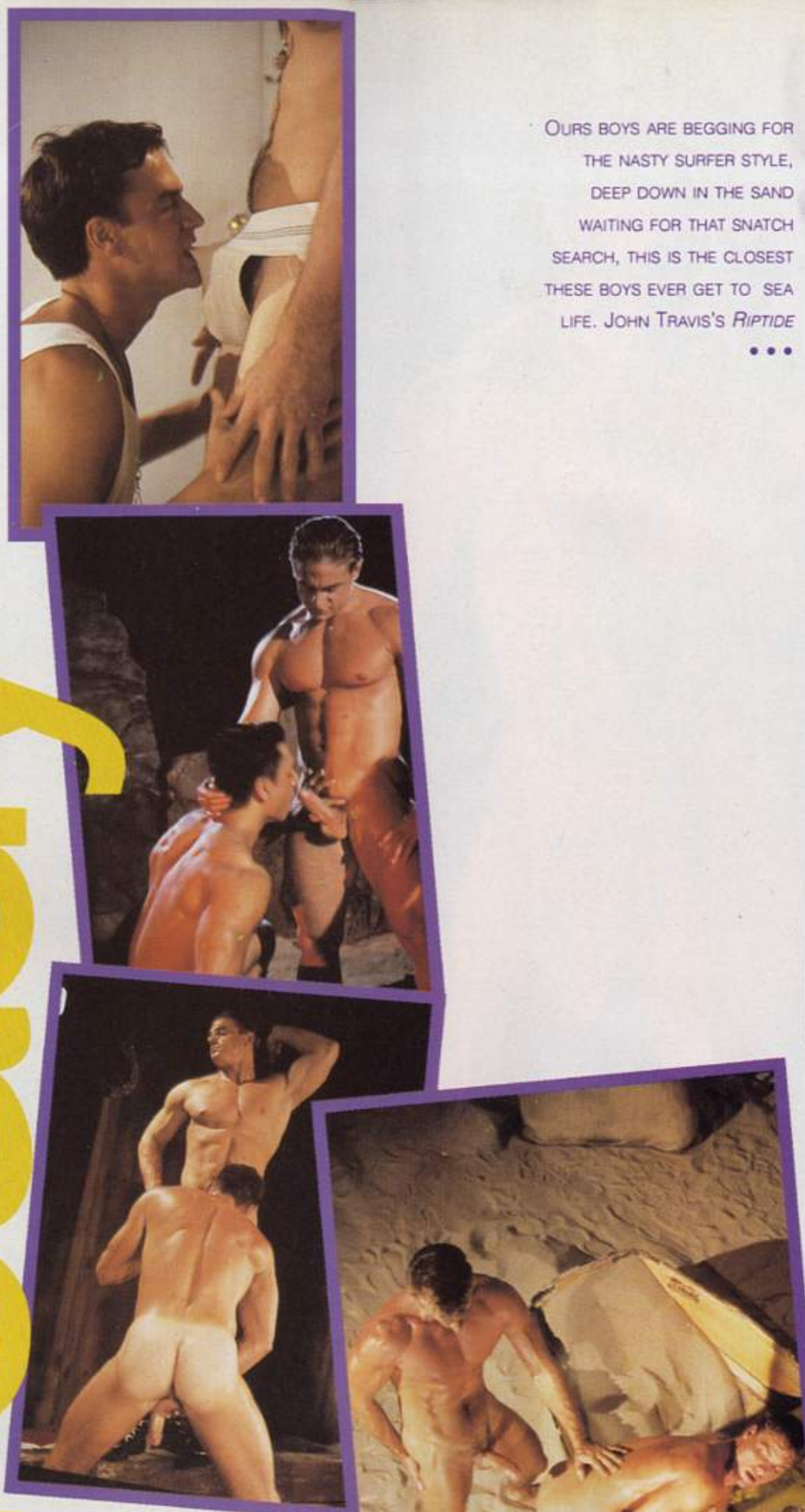

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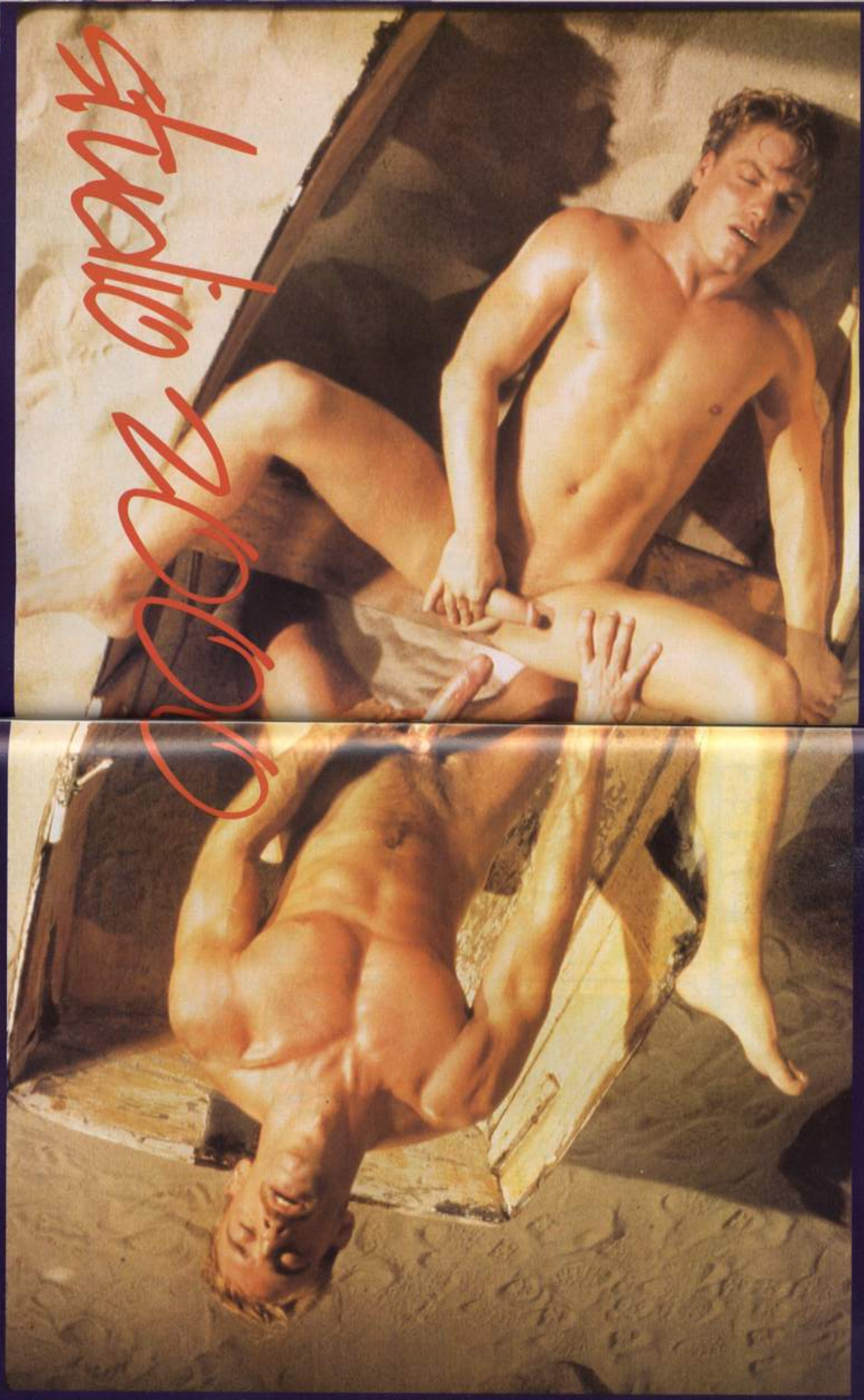

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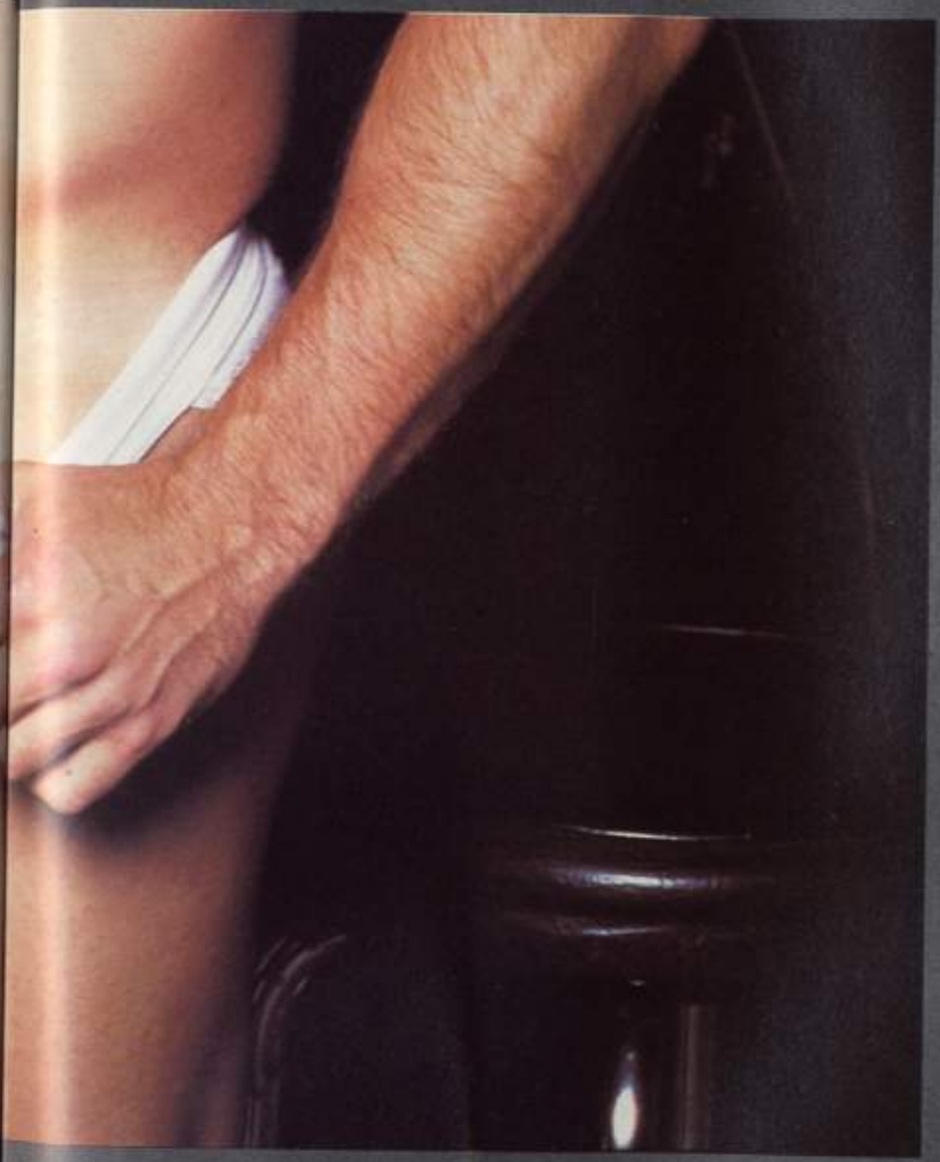


colt

"The most annoying thing is to have some dude toy to pick me up while I'm working out..."

I've been working out since my early teens. When I'm at the gym I'm here to pump iron..."

"I like to get a little rough, and I really like guys who can take it!"

alex

WORSHIP HIS HOT, HARD BODY AND LICK HIS CROTCH. THIS STUD LIKES HIS MEN SUBMISSIVE.

"afterwards it's okay, I'm pretty easy to get to know, as long as you're honest about yourself..."

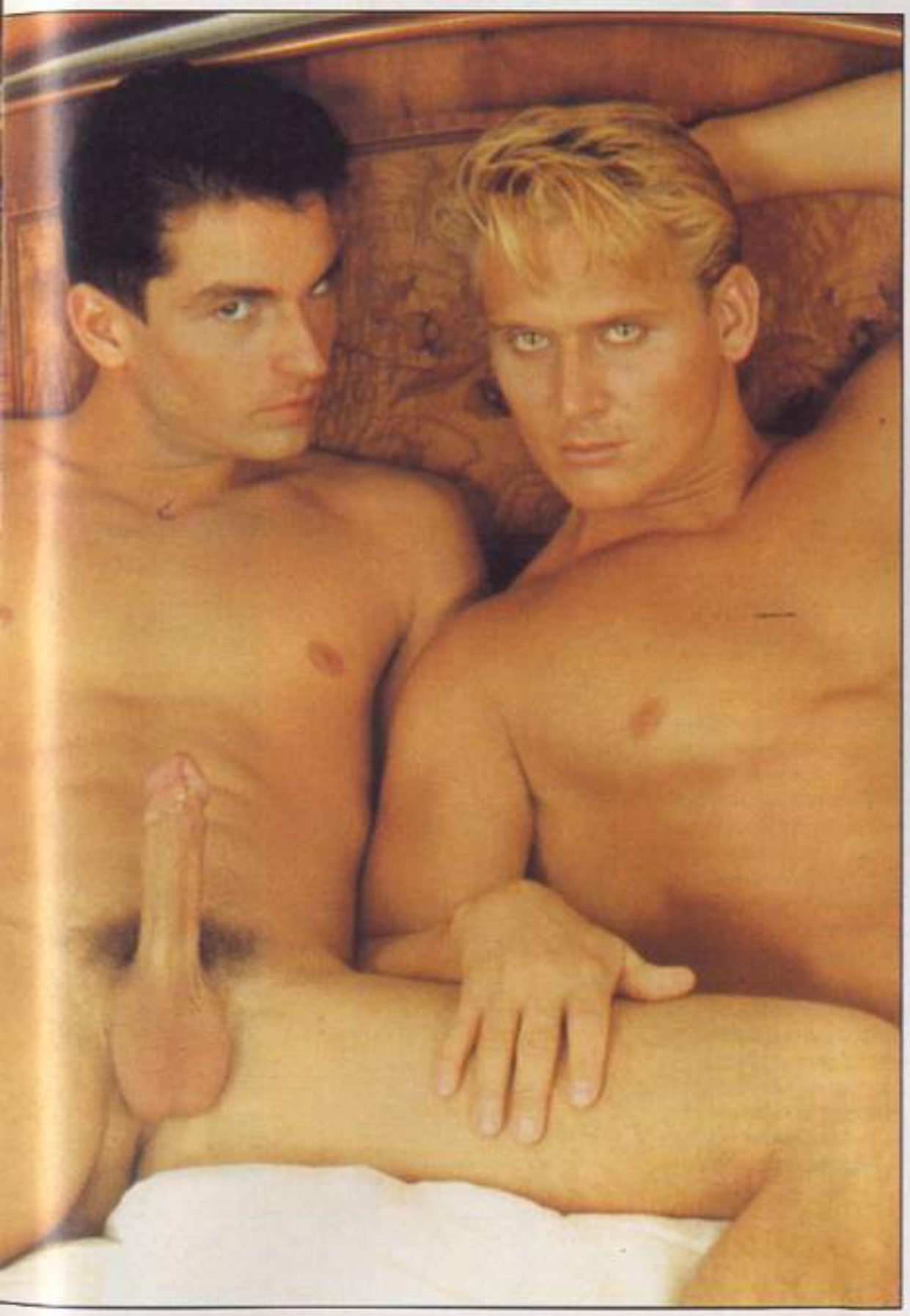
Alex wants to climb all over your body and make you take his cock balls deep in your mouth and hole...

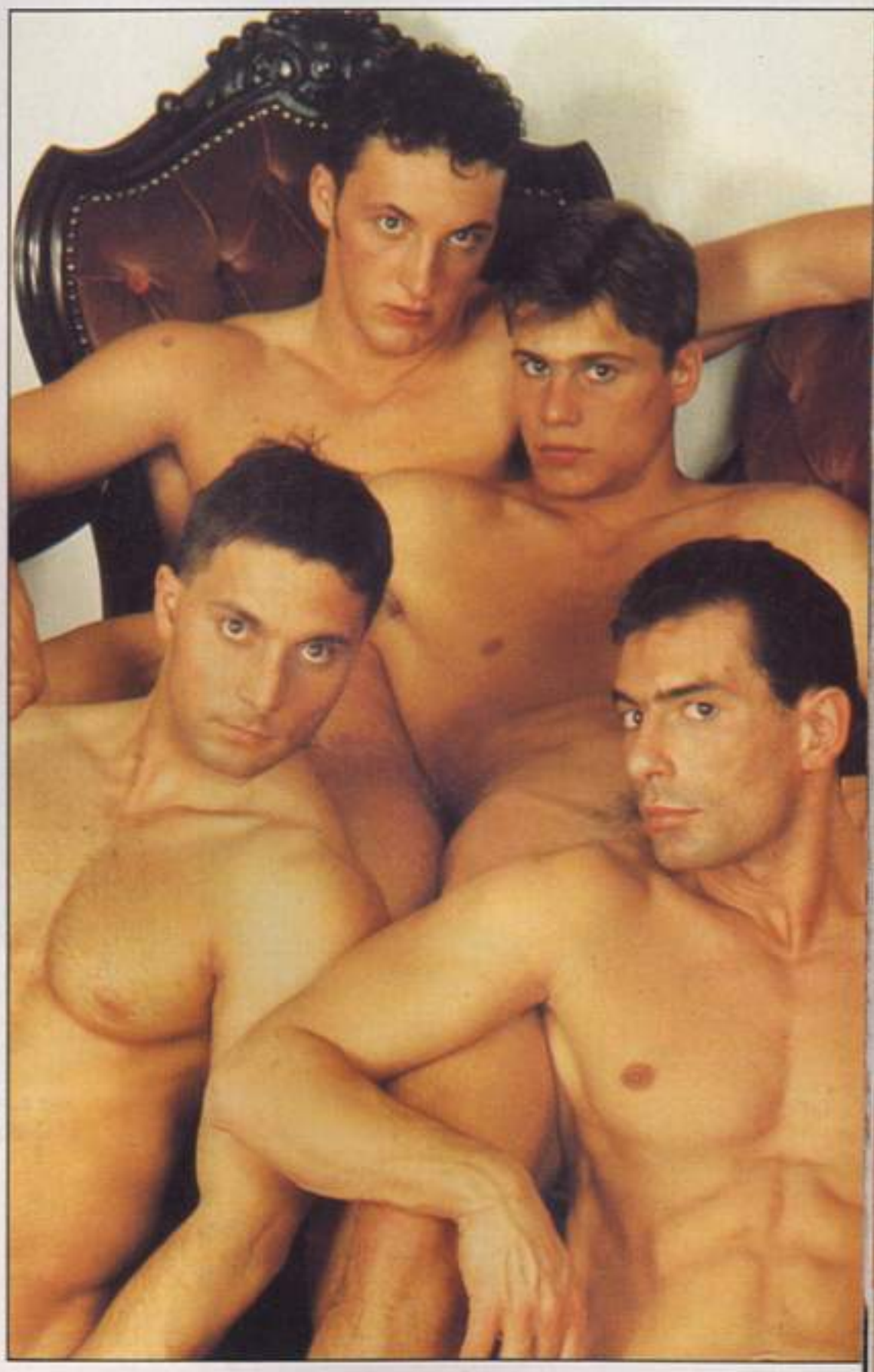
FORUM STUDIOS

Alex

PHOTOS BY: FARSTEN BJORN

Kristen Bjorn and Blueboy Magazine team together in this month of May to celebrate 21 long, young, fruitful years of a strong and ever expanding entertainment exchange with our Community.





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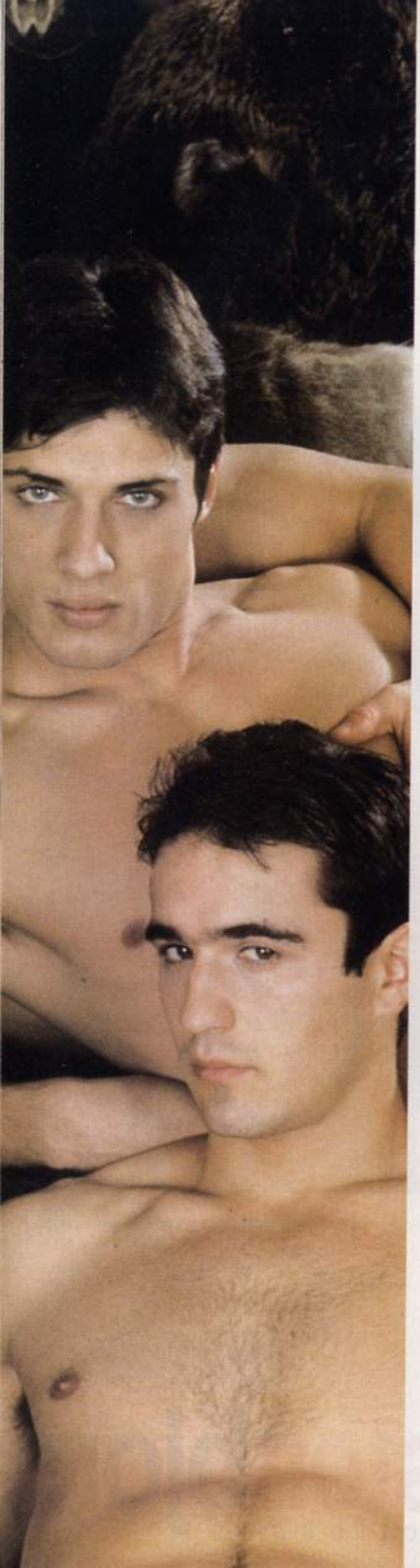

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keeper. Don't be alarmed."

I should say first that I wasn't really too afraid. I'm 6' 2", 185 lbs., and pretty built up from those hard hours at the gym. I'm not saying I'm a god, but I can take of myself. Anyway, when the gate opened I saw a tall figure enter the

"His thick horny cock rode my throat like a sewer rooter snake, churning and screwing farther down until my face was firmly planted in his thick, hairy bush..."

dimly lit area. I could see that this was no Grandpa, but instead a younger man who didn't look to be anywhere over 30. As Paul approached, I noticed him smiling at me. Those teeth of his were beaming and, as he got closer, I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Hi," he said, extending his hand as I rose to greet him. "I'm Paul."

"I'm Dave," I said. "It's nice to meet you."

Paul was about 6'4", around 220 lbs. He had short cropped dark hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a pair of beat up overalls, with no shirt, and a pair of work boots. His body was a nice golden brown from working outside all the time and the definition of his muscles were right out of a magazine. The pecs on this man were big enough to lift each strap of his overalls off his chest, leaving a clear view down the front and at the sides. Even in the dim light from the pool, I could tell he was fucking amazing.

I told him I hadn't expected him until tomorrow, and asked him what he was doing here at this time of night. This seemed to make him a bit nervous. With one deep breath, he told me that he knew I was coming and was curious as to what I might look like.

"I hid out and watched the car drop you off," he added bashfully. "I thought you were very good-looking, but couldn't get up enough nerve to come and talk to you. Until now. I've been waiting in my car."

I couldn't believe this sudden stroke of good luck. Here I was for the past few hours, drowning my sorrows, completely alone. Then along comes Paul to my rescue, like a knight in shining armor. It seemed to me such a waste of time that he had been out by the gate this whole time, but I thought it was sort of cute. Here was Paul, this absolutely gorgeous hunk of a man, sitting out in his car, as shy as a little schoolboy. And for me!

"You could've come in sooner," I smiled. "I actually would have enjoyed the company." What I really meant was that he had nothing to worry about with me because I'd gladly give him what ever his heart desired.

We both moved to the bar and I fixed myself another drink. "You could probably use one of these," I offered, and Paul jumped at the chance. We stood by the bar now, sipping our drinks, not really saying anything and I looked him over again. I noticed he was having trouble looking at me. Trying to ease the tension, I suggested to Paul that he take a swim in the pool.

"I don't have a suit," he replied.

"That's okay," I said. I had a great idea. "Why don't you just swim in your underwear."

Somewhat embarrassed, Paul turned away.

"I'm not wearing any."

Well, this was getting better every second!

"Paul," I said, smirking, "we are out in the middle of nowhere. I don't think it would be a problem. Go ahead. Who knows, I might join you."

Paul let out a nervous laugh. His hand gently rubbed across my stomach as he passed me. I tried to hide my excitement at his touch, but I think he noticed. He walked to the edge of the pool and slipped off his boots. He was wearing no socks. It started to look to me as if he planned this whole scene! I didn't mind at all because I knew we were both enjoying ourselves, and I was ready for anything to happen.

Paul looked over to me with lust in his eyes. He began to disrobe with the sexiness of a professional stripper, and my swimsuit was beginning to grow smaller as I got hard. I couldn't believe what I was seeing and I wasn't going to stop the feelings in my groin, so I sat with my legs apart, grabbing my dick and pulling on it. I was so horny, but I knew that I would soon be satisfied

Paul was watching me the whole time, getting hotter with each move. As I yanked slowly on my pole, he undid one strap of the overalls and let it fall. Slipping his hand inside and down, he started rubbing up and down on his chest and stomach.

"You like that, Dave?" he asked, knowing the answer. "You like the way I look?"

He threw his head back and started thrusting his pelvis in a circular motion. Man, this was fantastic! He really did have the moves of a pro, and it made me suspect his "shy act." But, in the end, I guess I just didn't care. I simply wanted him, and, in the meantime, I was willing to enjoy the show.

I could see that his dick had started to push out the front of his clothes. He undid the other strap. His overalls slid down his tight tanned body stopping at his crotch area. That cock of his was holding up the overalls now, leaving only my imagination to figure out what that monster might look like. I knew it had to be huge and thick, but it was killing me that I couldn't see it.

I had seen his awesome chest, but nothing could compare to his rippled stomach. He was rubbing himself all over with his head back and eyes closed, dancing with erotic thrusts into the air. Finally, he dropped the overalls to the ground. He stepped to the edge of the pool and dove into the cool water, but not before I got a brief glimpse of that bouncing monstrous cock. I couldn't wait to see it again.

When he entered the pool I let out a sigh of relief. I felt cooled off myself after the scene he had just

"IF THIS IS THE BEST YOU'VE GOT, I'LL TAKE HELL!"

given me. Paul surfaced and swam over to the edge of the pool nearest me.

"The water feels great," he said. "I thought you were going to join me, or was that just a tease?"

Instantly, I got up, threw off my suit and dove over him. I didn't want to strip for him. All I wanted was to fuck him, to be fucked by him, to get my hands and mouth all over that muscled body. I swam underwater all the way to the other end and surfaced.

Paul was nowhere to be found.

I was thinking it would be just my luck to find this hunk out in the wilderness and then lose him before the fun even began, when suddenly I felt Paul grab my legs and pull me under. He dragged me down to the bottom of the pool and drew me close to him. I felt his arms around me as our lips met. Our tongues explored each other's mouths as we drifted to the surface. Once we hit the open air, Paul released me and started swimming off.

"Hey, where are you going?" I shouted, but he just kept going.

I wasn't letting him off that easily, but Paul was out of the water and half-way to the tennis courts before I reached the edge of the pool.

I got out and ran toward the courts. Paul was standing in the middle of one of them, leaning against the net. The moon beamed down on his wet body and made it shine. I walked to Paul very slowly, making sure he could get a great look at my body. I could see his cock standing at full attention and ready for my mouth. I couldn't wait to taste it. That meat of his was perfect for sucking. His 8" cock was long and hard. It was 2" to 3" thick and ready for action.

When I reached Paul his arms were spread out to each side, holding the net. His legs were slightly open, crotch pushed forward, letting his dick stick out.

"Is that for me?" I asked.

"Take it," he said. And I did.

I began stroking his dick with one hand while grabbing his nipples with my mouth. I gently took each nipple between my teeth and bit down, causing him to ache with passion. I licked my way down to his stomach and explored each muscle with my tongue. His cock was throbbing and ready.

I circled the tip of his member with my tongue going round and round. He was arching his back and thrusting his pelvis into my face. Pulling the skin of his cock back and down to the base, my mouth took the head in and sucked on it. Paul reached his hands around and forced my head all the way down. I took that huge dick and opened my throat to it. Paul was pulling in and out of my mouth, slamming his way to satisfaction. Then he lifted me up suddenly and pushed me against the net.

"I need to be inside you," he said. "I want to show you the time of your life." Once he had said that to me, I knew that I would be in for the ride of all rides. I couldn't wait to have that eight-inch lovepole up my ass.

Paul turned me around and bent me over the net. I was aching with pleasure at the thought of him entering me. He spread my cheeks apart and spit on his cock; I could hear him lubricating his dick when he abruptly stuck a finger up my ass. His finger slid in and I was in utter ecstasy.

"Fuck me, Paul," I whispered. "Don't finger-fuck me, FUCK me!"

He removed his fingers, stood up, placed his hand on the back of my head to push me down, and rammed his cock so hard up my ass that I screamed with urgency for another shove.

He pulled out and rammed me again. Over and over he rammed his cock all the way in, then pulling it all the way out until it popped. Then in again. Out and in. My hole was being trashed by this pig and I was loving every fucking moment of it and even more.Paul whipped his cock out of me and turned me to face him.

miling, he threw me back into the net, forcing me to fall backwards. I felt that huge dick of his forcefully enter me again, and then he started fucking me faster and faster with an even motion. I felt his cock all the way inside me, pulsing and throbbing with every push. I knew I was ready to shoot, but I didn't want this to end. I forced myself not to touch my dick while Paul fucked the hell out of my ass.

"Oh yeah, Paul, do it, FUCK ME!" Paul started going slower and fucking me harder with every entrance into my hole. He was grunting and fucking me so hard that I couldn't hold it any longer. I shot a huge load all over my chest.

"That's it, baby," he said, "come on and shoot that fucking cock."

He pulled out half-way and pounded in again, causing another eruption to hit my chin and face. That was the best load I had shot in months! Paul then pulled out of me and I grabbed his dick.

"I love your cock, Paul," I panted, pulling on it. "I want you to cum now, baby, I want you to ..."

"Oh god here it comes!"

With one or two more strokes, he blew his cum onto my torso like a fire hose. He shot again in my face and all over my hair. We continued for another minute or so, pulling on each other, urging each other, draining each other of cum. Soon his body and mine were both shaky and weak, and we took a few deep breaths to relax ourselves, holding each other.

After a few minutes, Paul helped me down and pulled me close to him.

"I wanted to do that since the first moment I laid eyes on you," he said.

No one had ever talked to me like that before and I was speechless. He leaned over and kissed me deeply. We stayed there a moment, breathing in the night and the moonlight, then walked toward the house. Once inside the bedroom, we laid down on the bed, held each other in our arms and drifted off into a peaceful sleep, dreaming about what had just happened and what was yet to cum.

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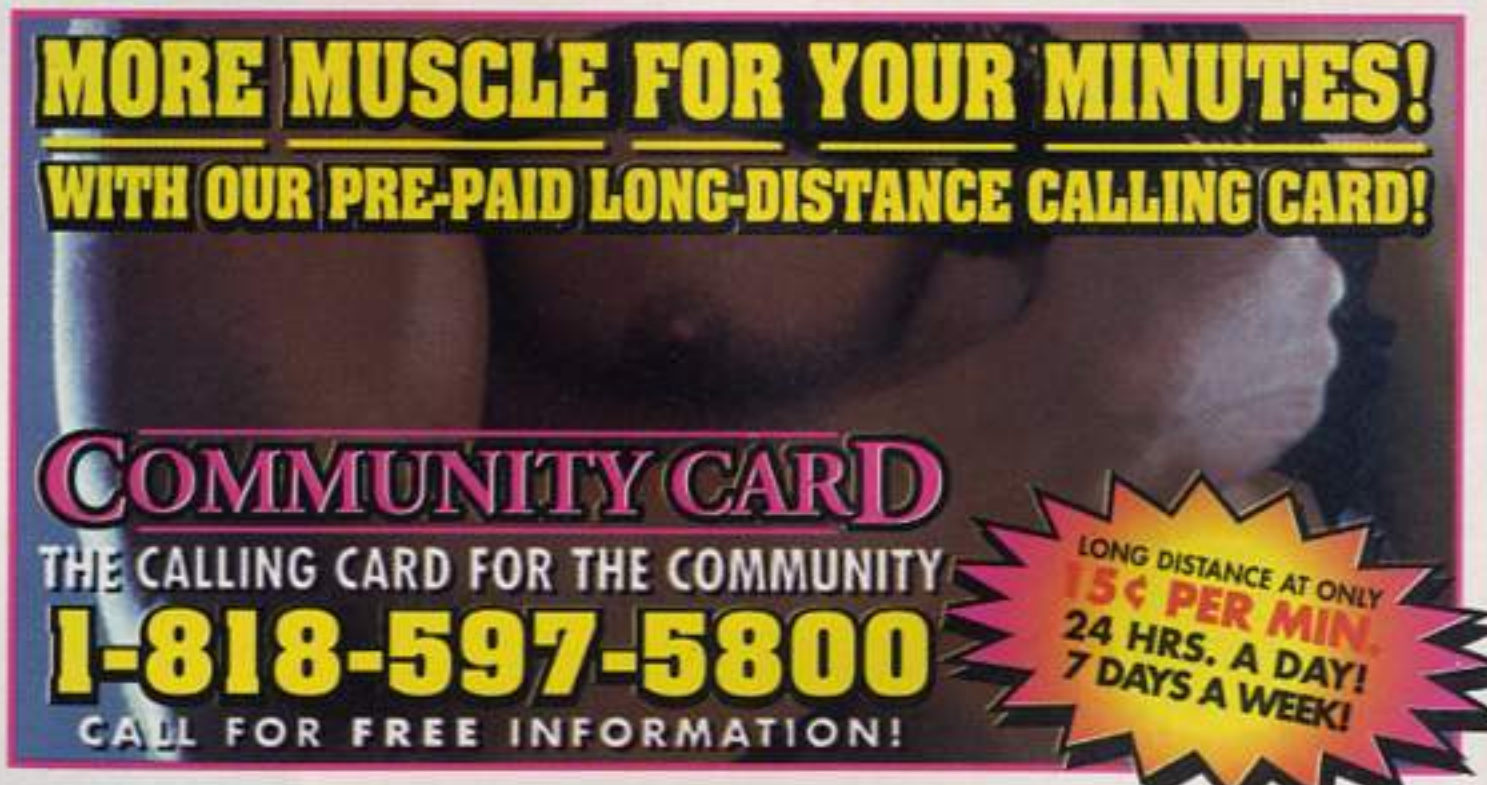

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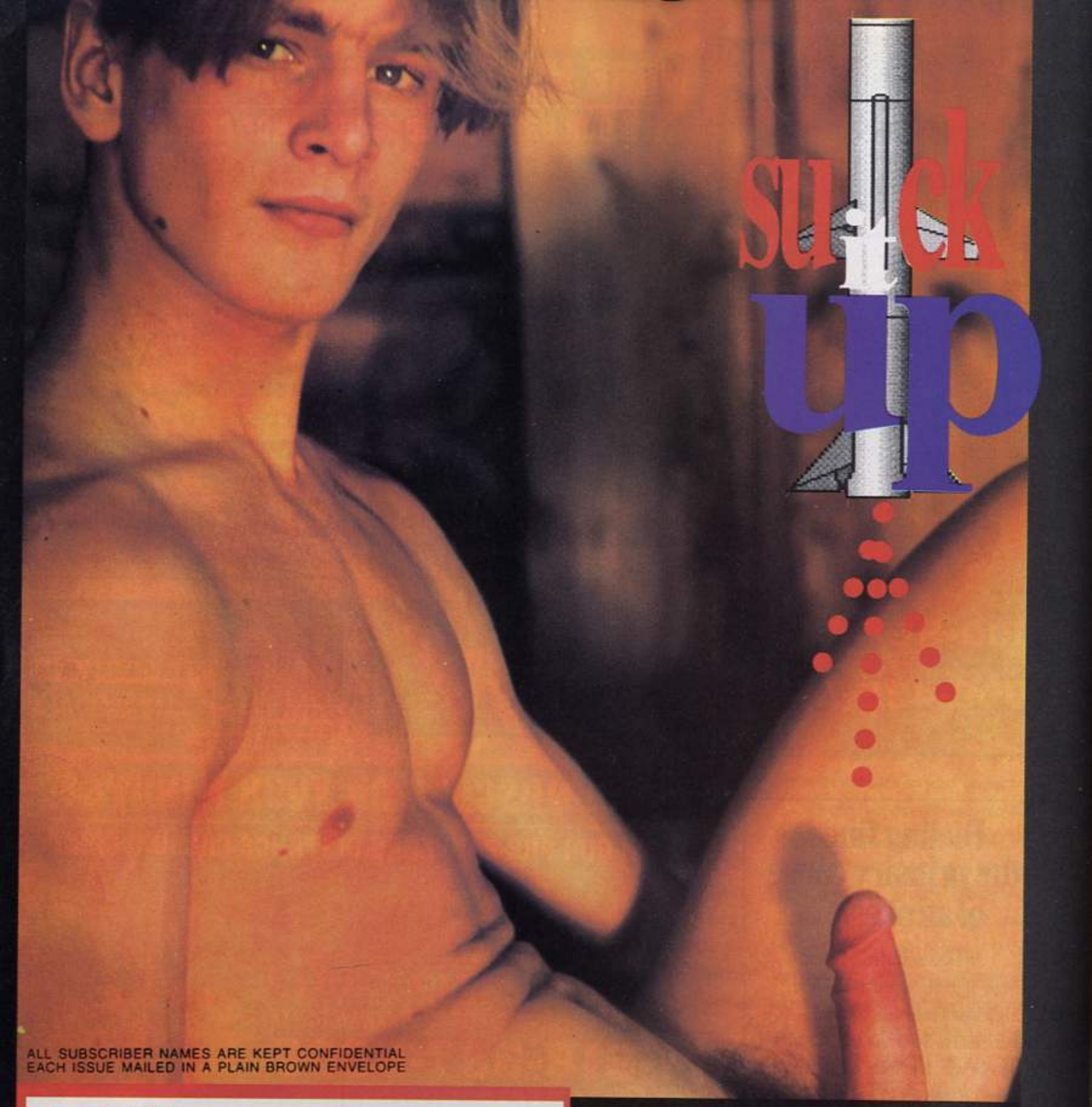

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"He's got kind of a freaky hair cut but he's got a terrific body and a smooth, lickable ass. His name is Bill Stetson. I saw him once in one of your competition's magazines about a year ago. He was shot by *All Worlds Videos* and I am sure if you decided to reprint the same pictures or others from the same shoot, that you'd be satisfying your readers beyond expectation. At least you would with me, thanks..."

•••

"...he's blond, about six foot tall, he's got a smooth, hard body and a fat cock; it's not that long, but it's hard and it's quite a mouthful just the same..."

•••

"I can't wait to see more pictures on a model named Bill Stetson. If there's any way I could get in contact with him, I would greatly appreciate anything you could do to see that he gets my message, please!..."

•••

"...and there have been a few other fine blond, smooth models that you've had in your magazine including a guy by the name of Stetson. Bill Stetson. I've only seen him once in a video, and I believe that you had him in one or more of your magazines in the past..."

•••

"If I had a choice of partner from all the models/actors you've had in your magazine in the past, I'd go for a guy named Bill Stetson. Nobody's ever heard of him before, at least not any of my friends, or me for that matter, prior to seeing him in your magazine about a year ago. I'd love to slide my tongue in his hot, smooth ass. The way he holds it open you can just tell he loves to get his hole eaten but good; and a fuck would not surprise me, that is him liking it and all..."

•••

"I want to see more pictures of hot blonds. Blonds and more blonds. There was this one a while back called Bill Stetson. Get him out again and you'll have at least one sold copy with me. I might even buy a subscription if you get some new shots of him spreading that super ass of his...he's terrific and he's got a nice cock on him, too..."

•••

"...just give me fifteen minutes between the legs of Bill Stetson and I'll give him a lifetime of tongue lashing. His fine, fine hole is so hot, and believe me, I'm a bottom, that I get hard just watching him grease it up and slide down all those hot, hot cocks..."

•••

"...there should be a fan club for Bill Stetson. I know I wrote the same letter about Chad Knight a while back, but after seeing this Stetson, and taking you up on your offer to print my letter with shots of my favorite porn star slash actor, here you go. Get me some shots on Stetson please..."

•••

"...I can't remember his name, but I can describe him to you. He had a strange hair cut; blond, very blond. Very smooth and he had a very fine ass that he kept spreading.. I wonder if that means he likes to take big cocks up his ass? I'm game..."

•••

"If there's a chance you could dig up more pix on a dude you called William Stetson, or Bill, I think. He's a blond Adonis. Nice hard, fat cock. Round, smooth ass that needs a good riding; I like that guy, get us some shots on him and you'll be happy with your sales, guaranteed..."

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"...I have a special request for you and I hope you can help me with this one. I am absolutely in love with a boy and I can't for the love of life find him. I can tell by looking at his pictures that you ran a few issues ago that he's the lover type. I know that he's been in a few videos, but that's okay with me; so have I. I would love to meet him, and if that's out of the question, at least show us more pictures...naked, spread and wet!"

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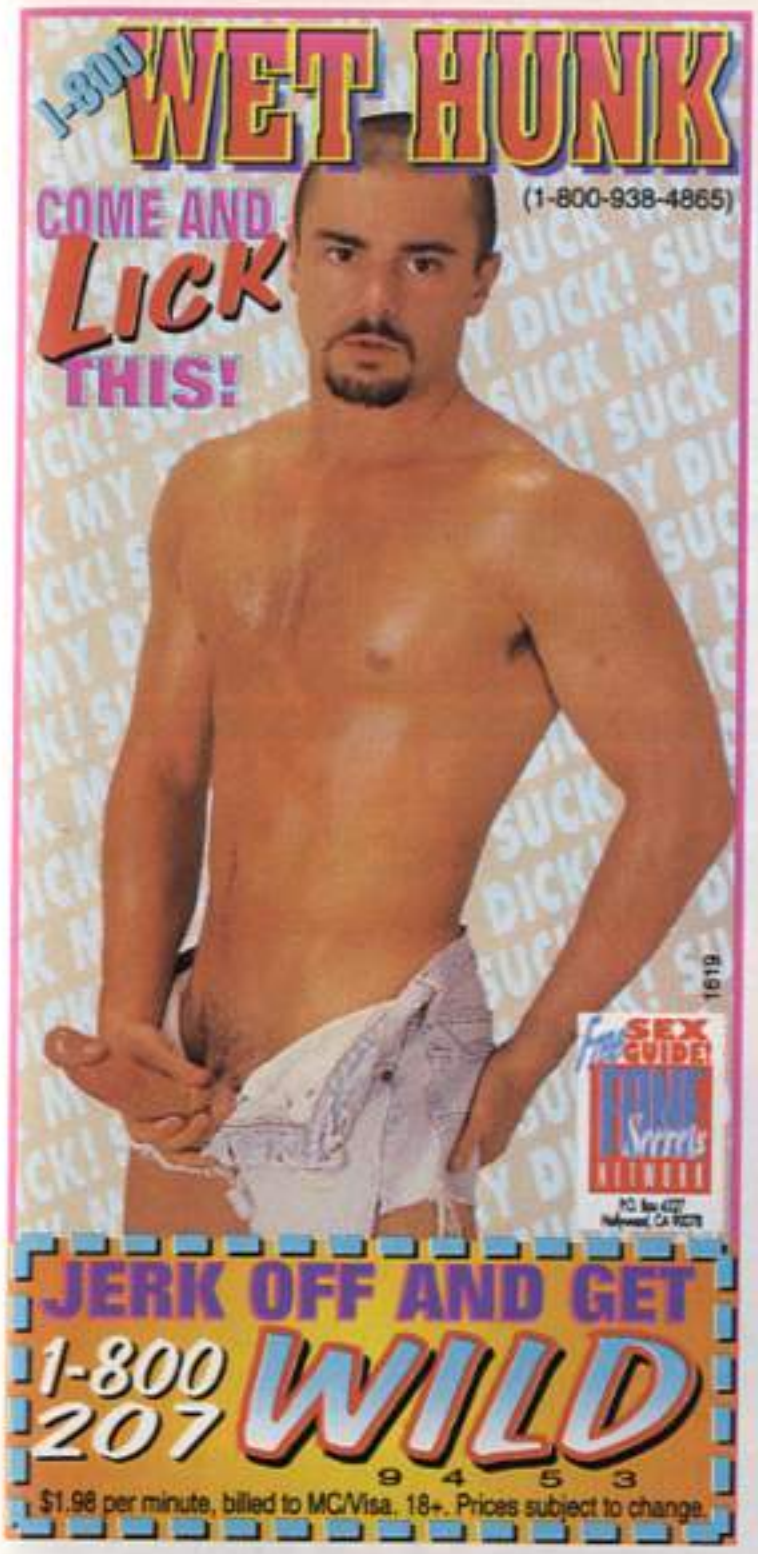
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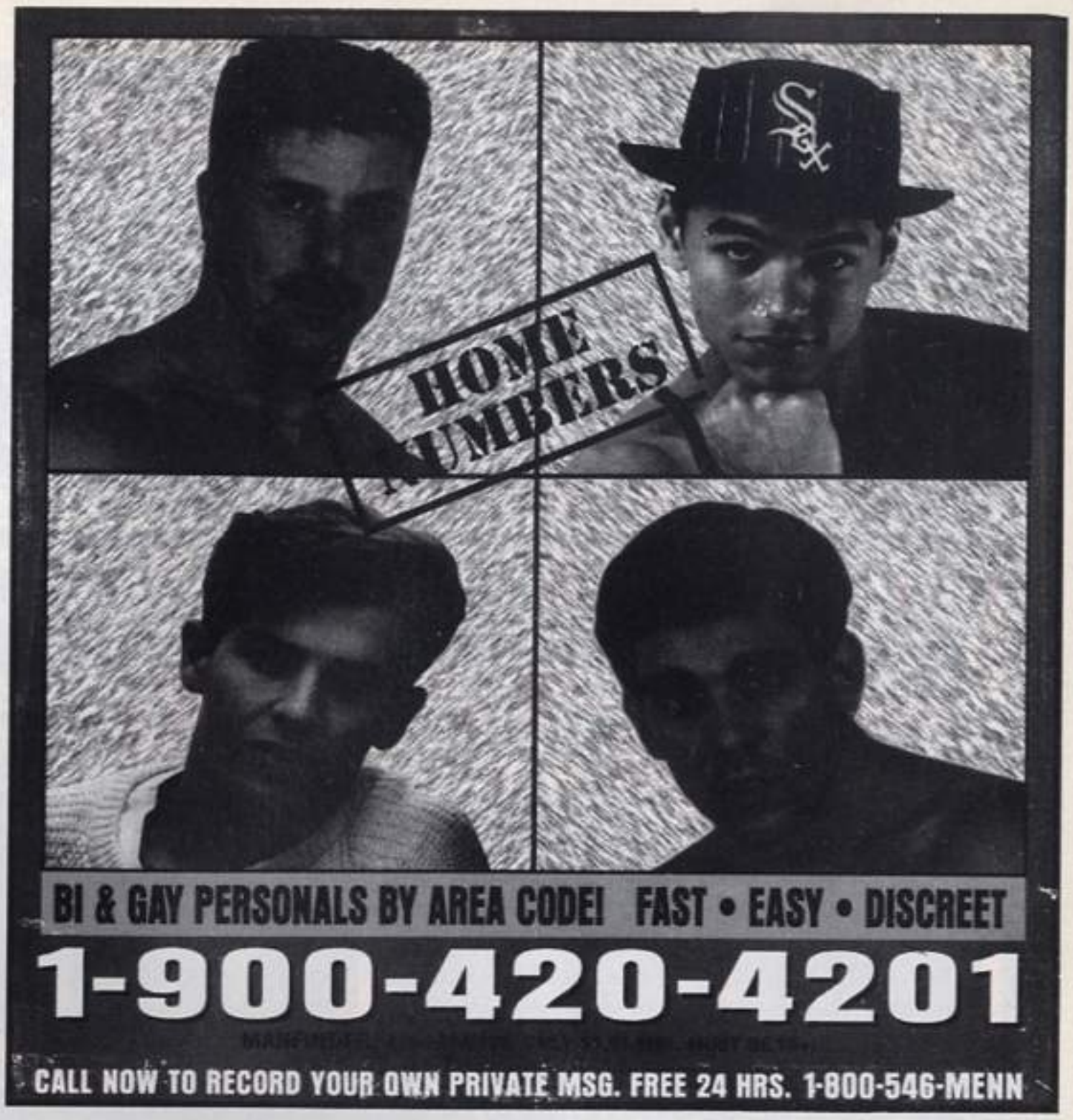
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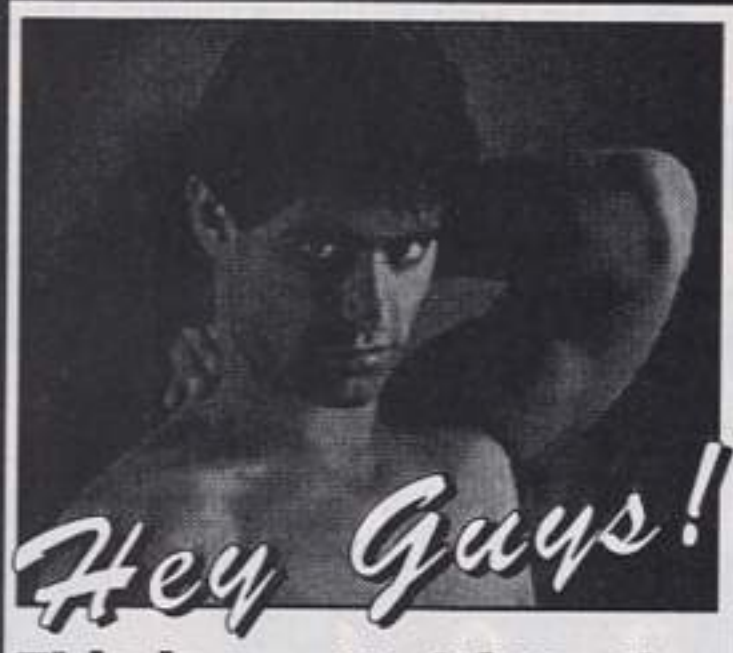

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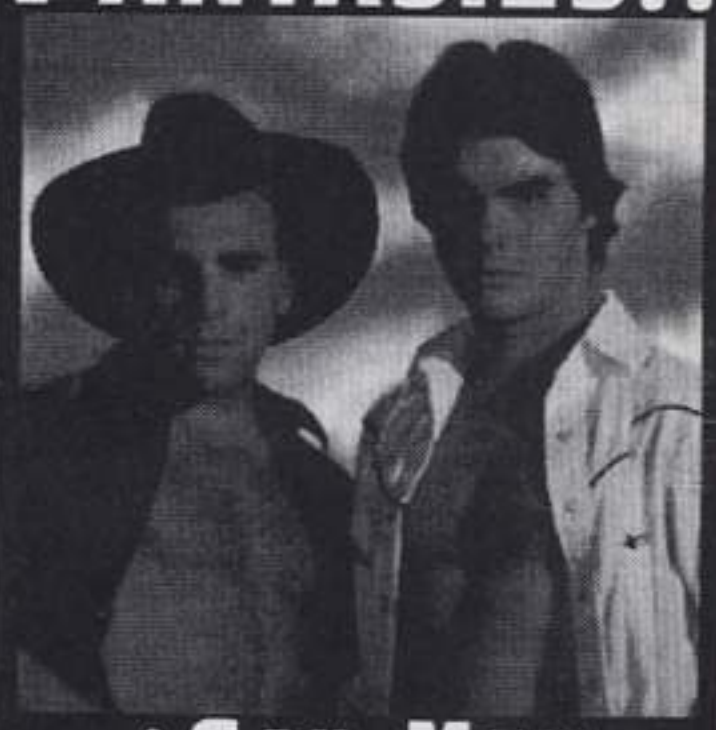

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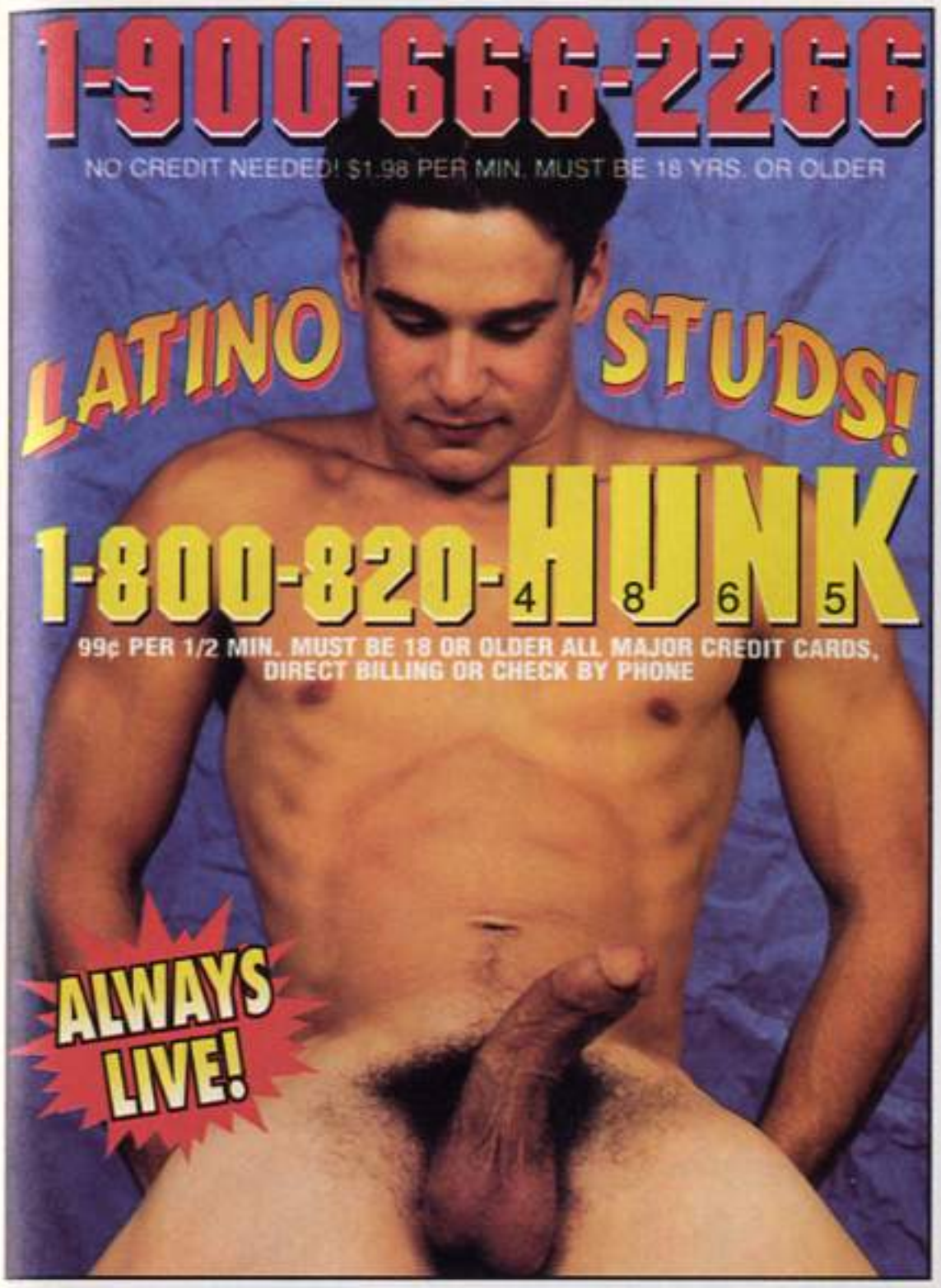
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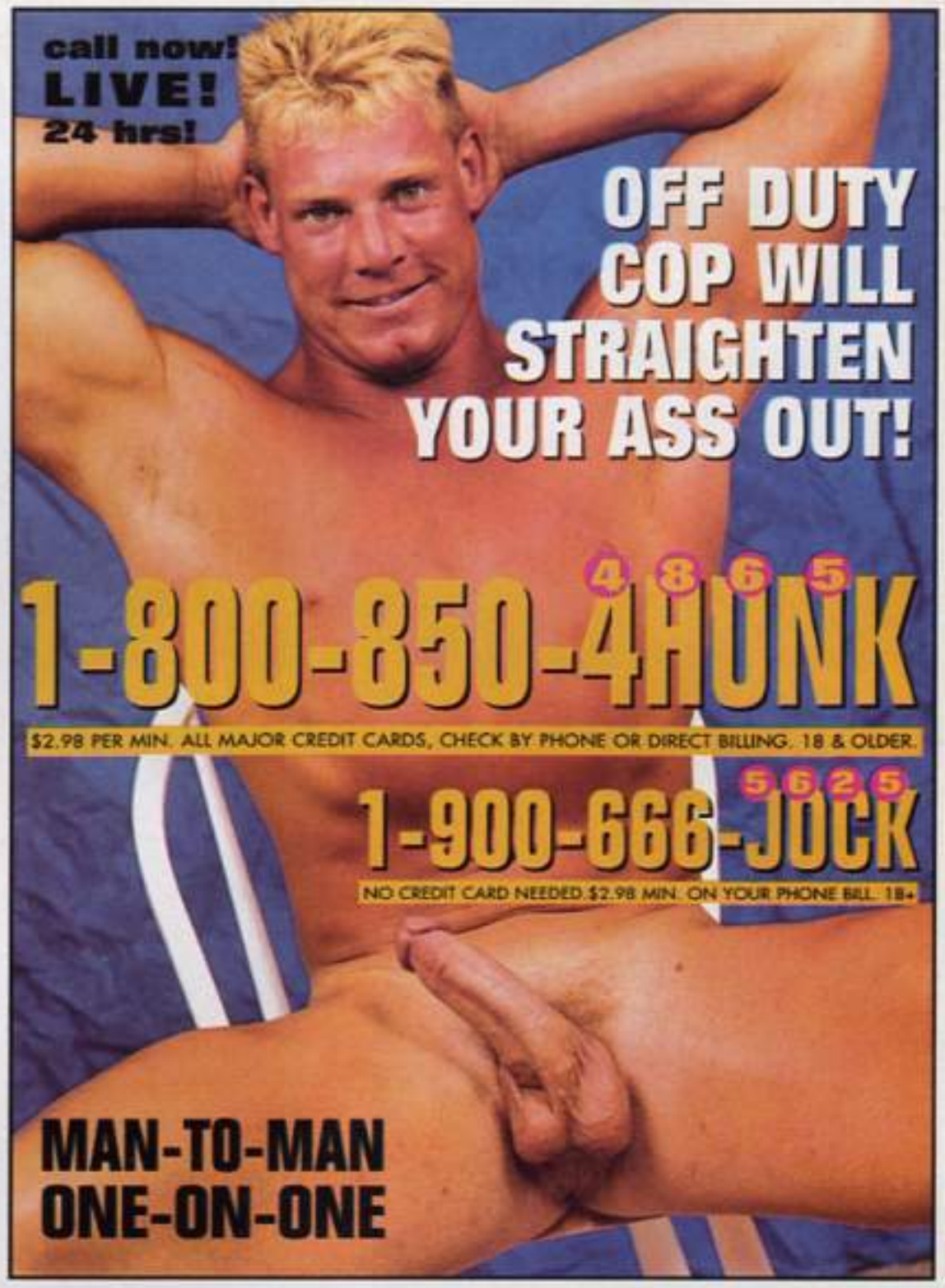
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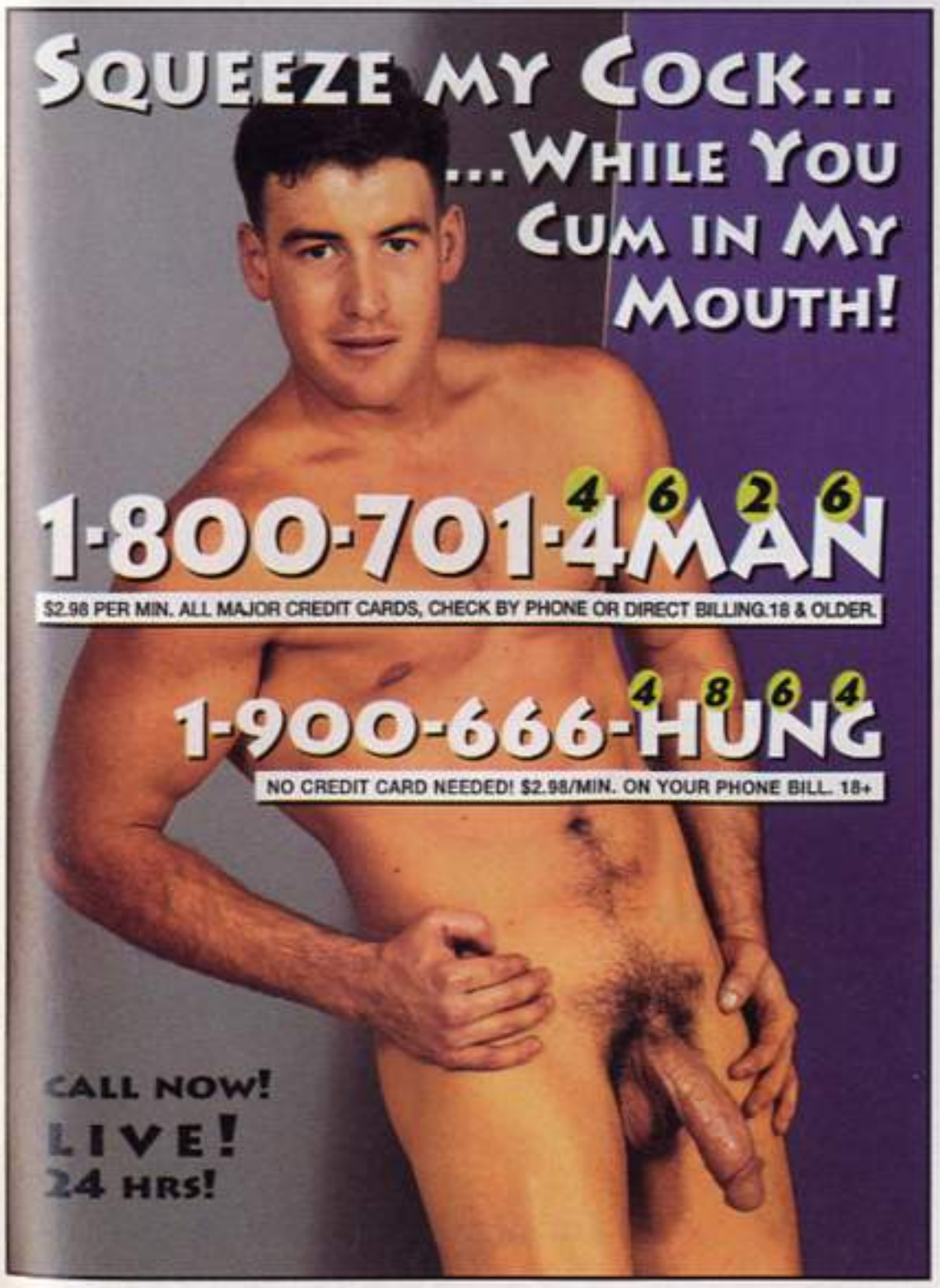
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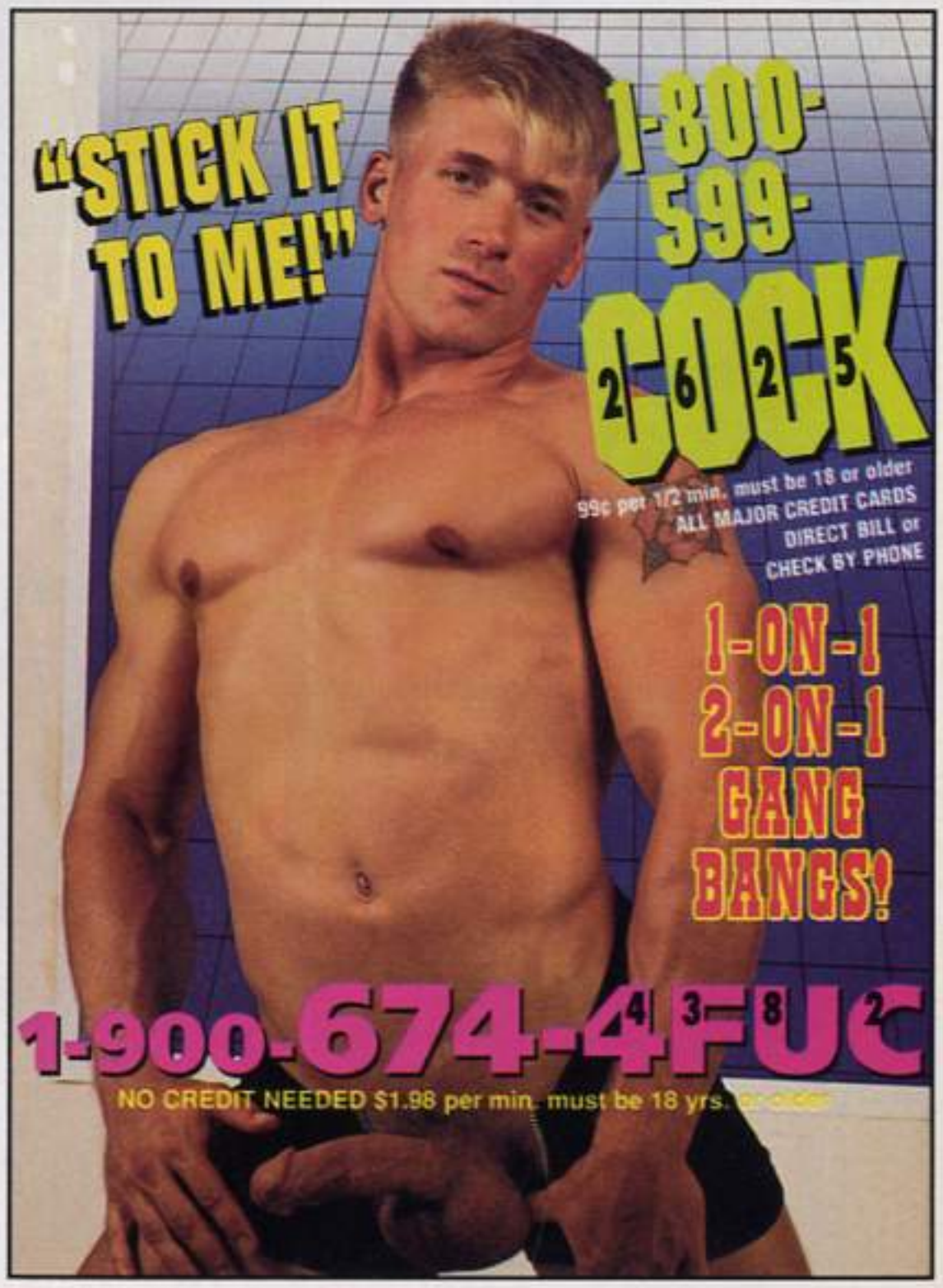
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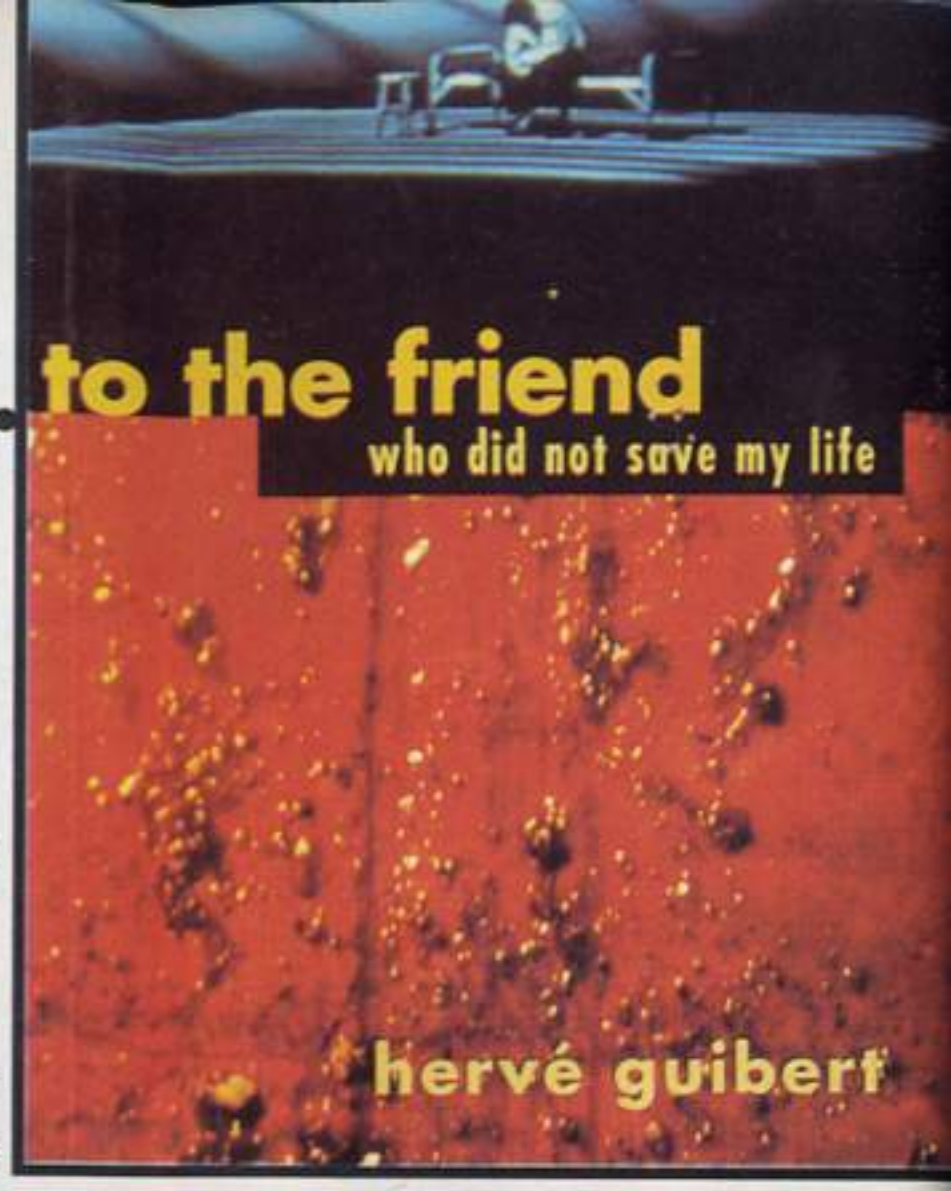
DRINK MY CUM!

Book Review

À LA PAR. . .

C. RAE WELLS



HIGH RISK Books has been collaborating with gay writers for years, celebrating the word of the community with award-winning testimonials and interpretations.

This month's review ***To The Friend Who Did Not Save My Life*** By Herve Guibert, is one of France's best-selling writers. Guibert died of Aids in 1991 but before his death managed to complete three award winning works including **The Gangster's** (Serpent's Tail), **My Parents** (Serpent's Tail), and **The Man In The Red Hat** (Quartet).

"Winner of the 1992 Gregory Kolovakos Award For Aids Writing, ***To The Friend Who Did Not Save My Life,*** is an unnervingly intimate novel about a vital young writer confronting the ominous specter of Aids in his life. Written in the form of a journal, this fictionalized account of the author's friendship with Michel Foucault during the philosopher's final months is an unflinchingly honest examination of daily life under a death sentence, and the impact of Aids on a group of gifted and artistic people: a circle of French artists and the intellectual spinning out of control in shared fear and uncertainty, discovering that talent and genius life offer little solace. The narrator, upon being diagnosed with HIV, runs from doctor to doctor, searching for answers and a cure, terrified yet fascinated by the changes he and his friends are undergoing. ***To The Friend Who Did Not Save My Life,*** is one of the most eloquent and insightful literary works yet written about AIDS."

(HIGH RISK BOOKS, MACMILLAN INC.)

Chapter 5

I felt death approaching in the mirror, gazing back at me from my own reflection, long before it had truly arrived to stay. Was I already throwing this death into other people's faces whenever I looked into their eyes? I didn't talk about this to everyone. Until then, until the book, I hadn't admitted it to everyone. Like Muzil, I would have liked to have had the strength, the insane pride, as well as the generosity, to tell no one, allowing friendships to live as lightly as air, carefree and eternal. But what can I do when you're at rock bottom, and the disease is jeopardizing even friendship itself? I did tell some people.

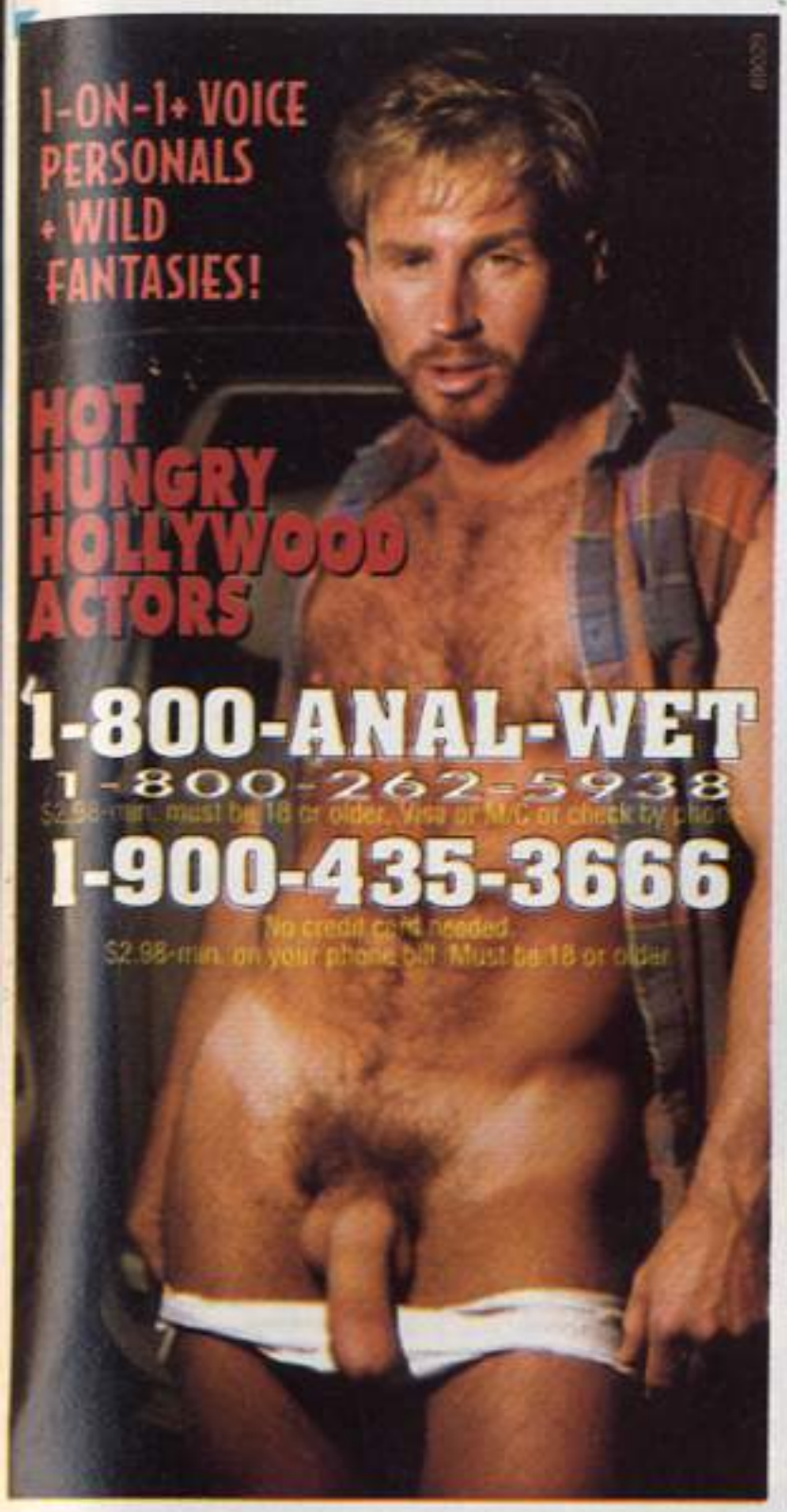
...I'd risk having the whole world dump shit on my head, all at the same time, I'd be letting every last asshole on earth crap on me, letting myself be buried under their stinking shit. My chief concern, in this business, is to avoid dying in the spotlight of the parental eye.

Herve Guibert

hervé guibert

"A book of the world; the dark beauty. A book of panic. A book of irony. A book of testimony, of prayer and punishment"

-Le Figaro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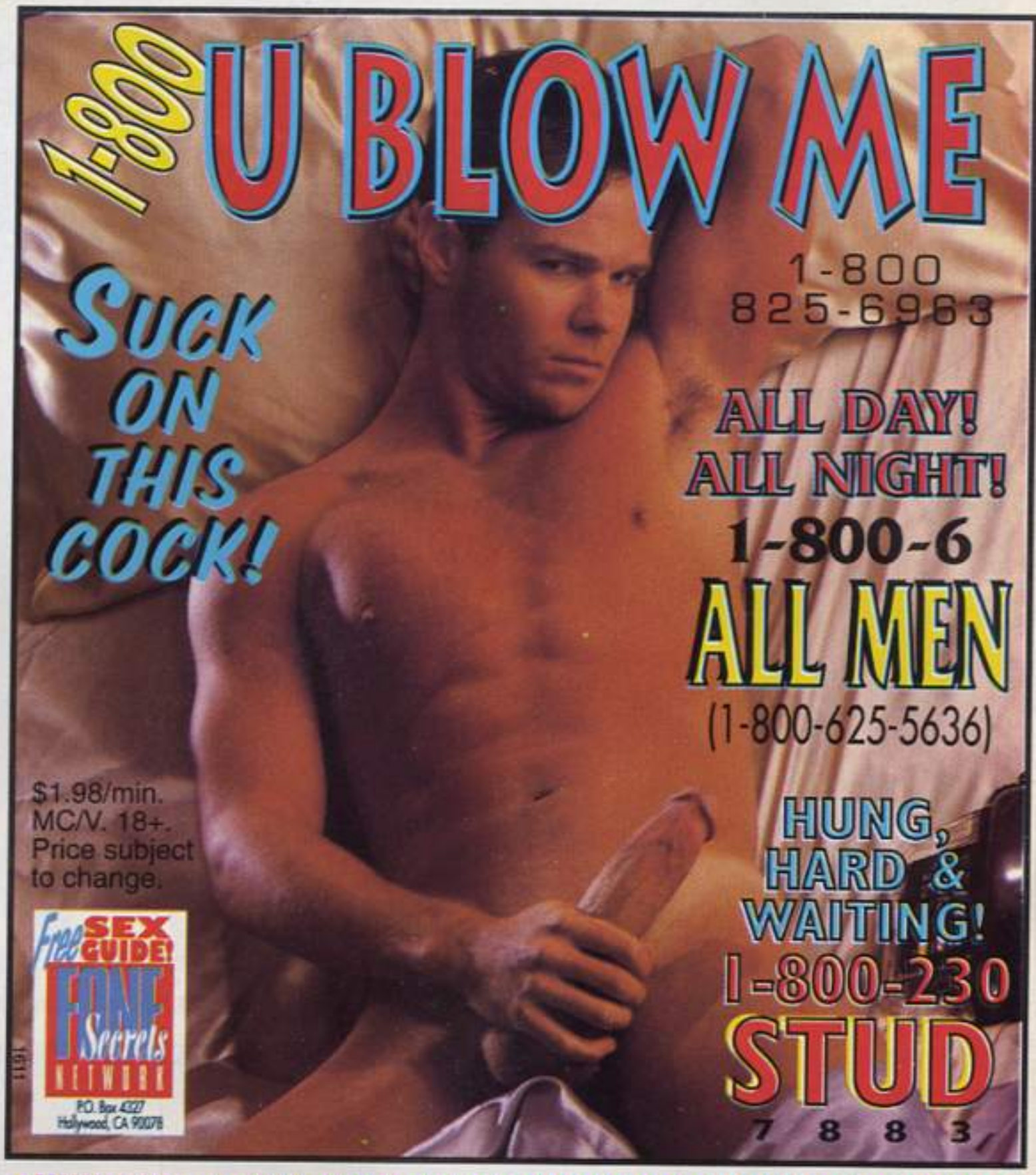
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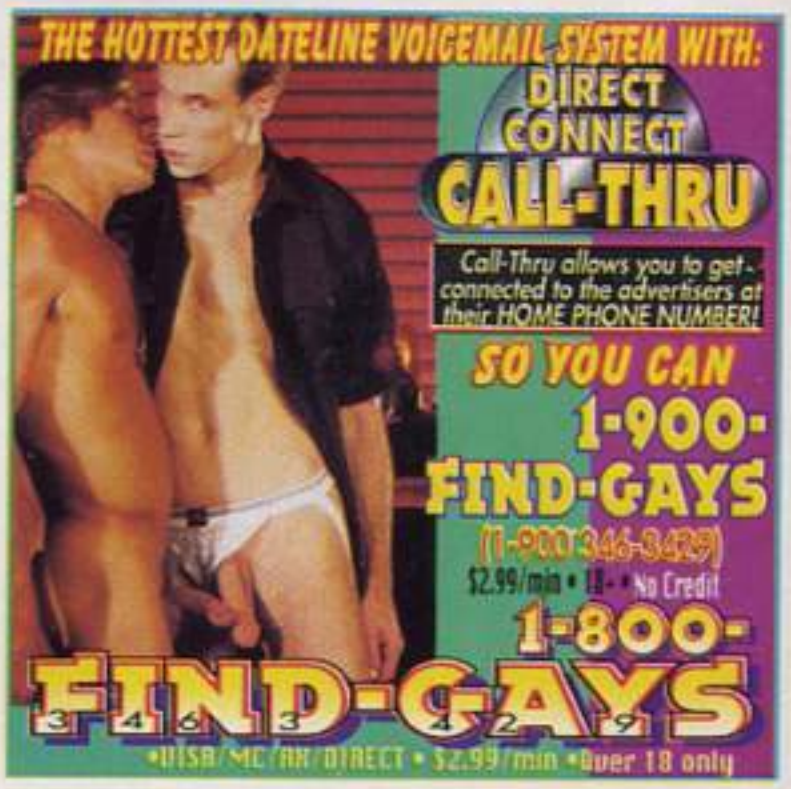
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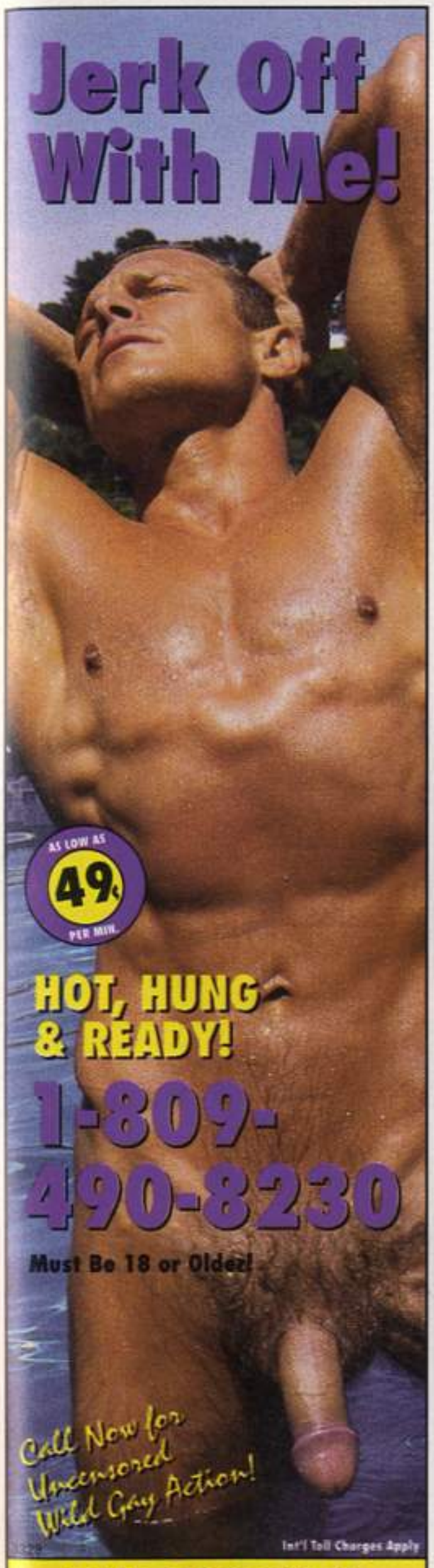
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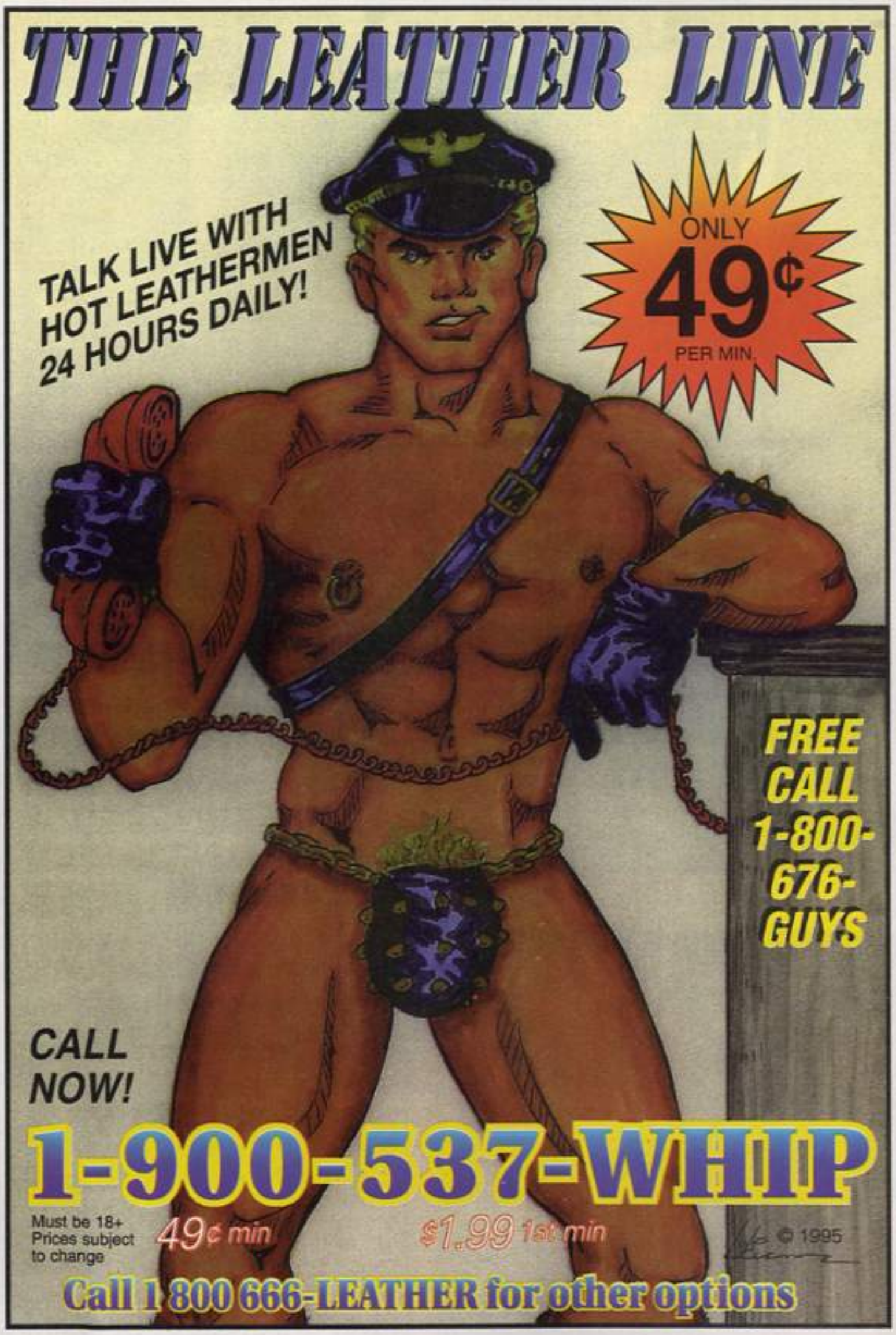

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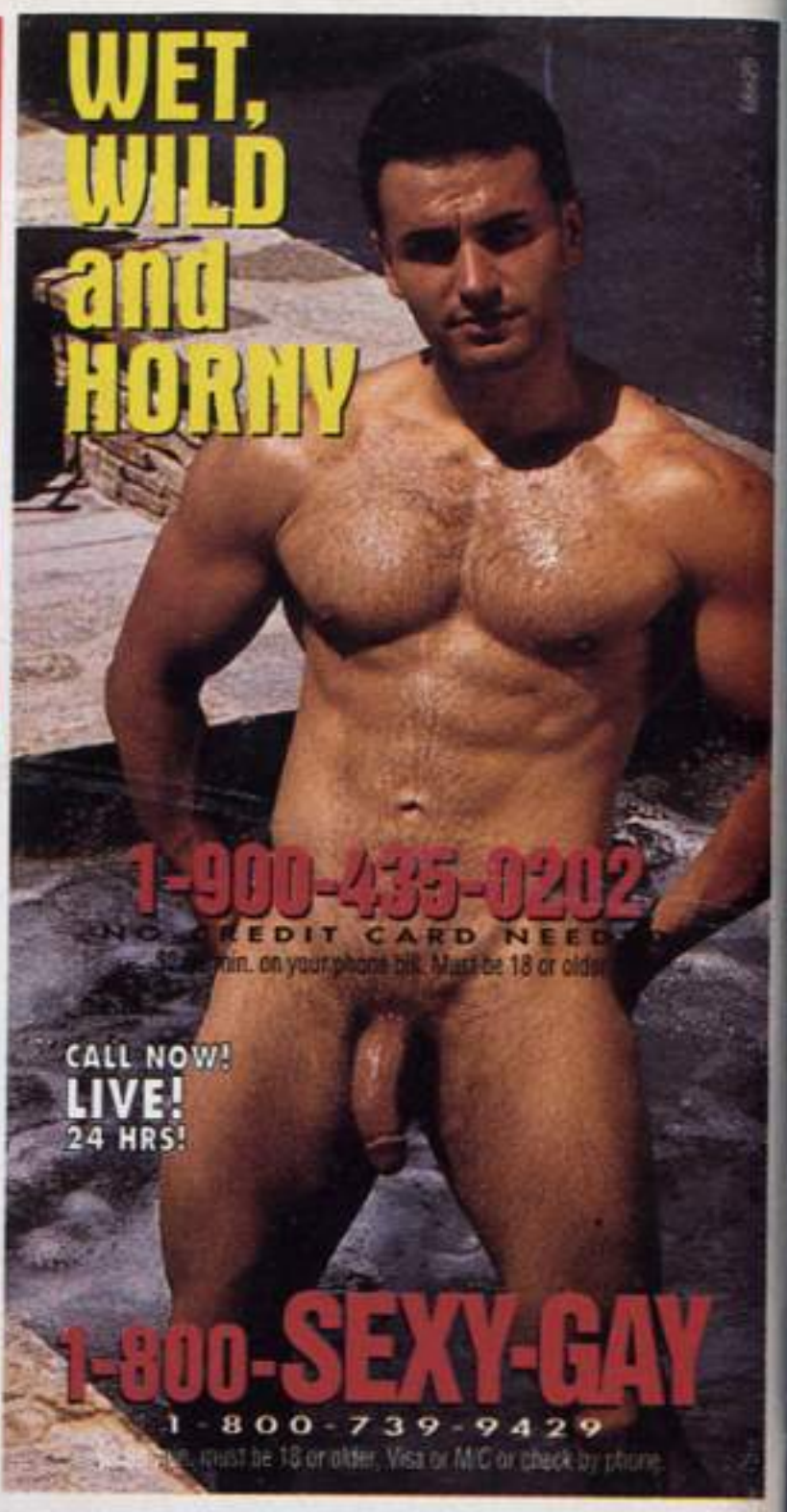

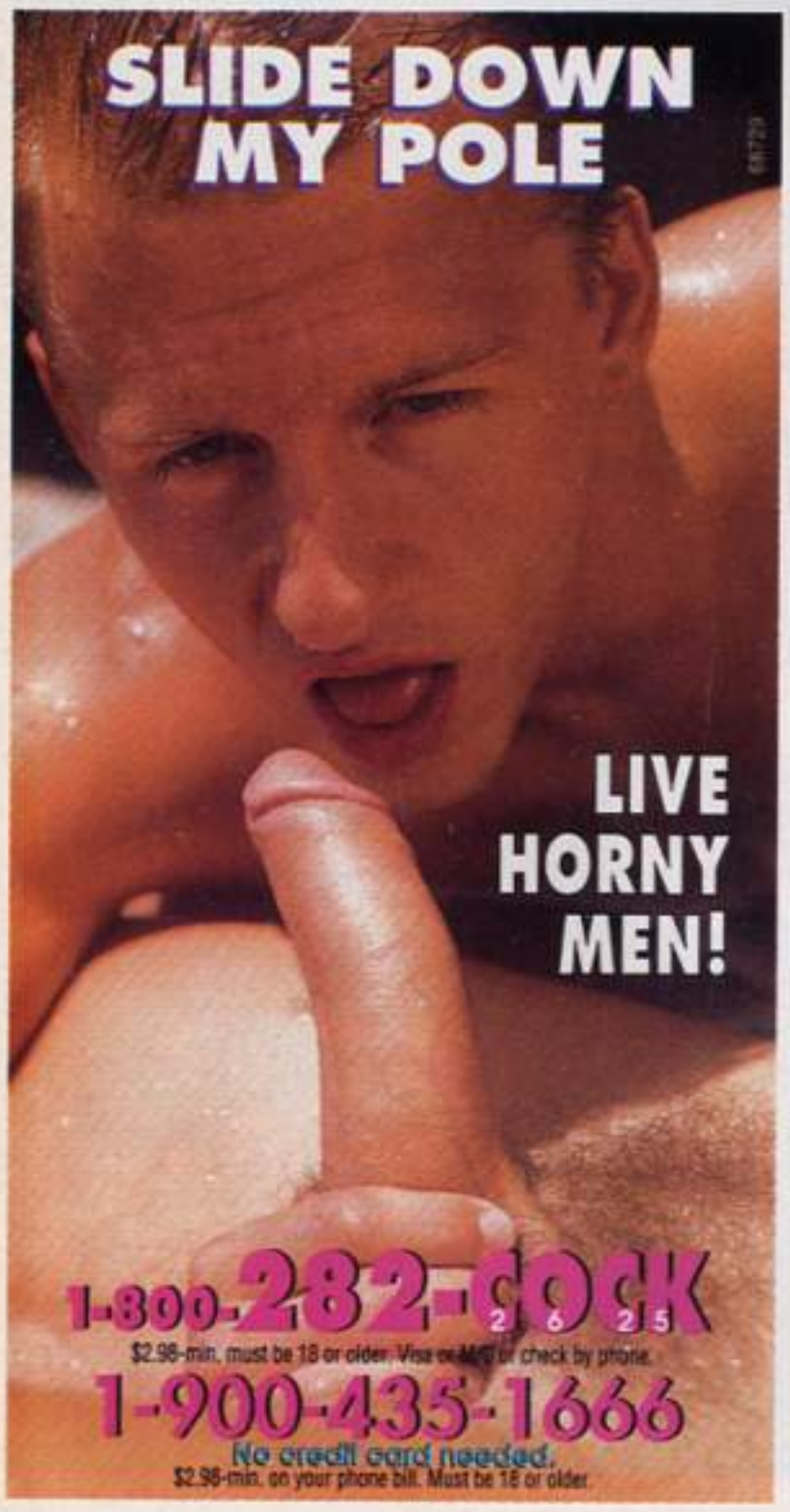
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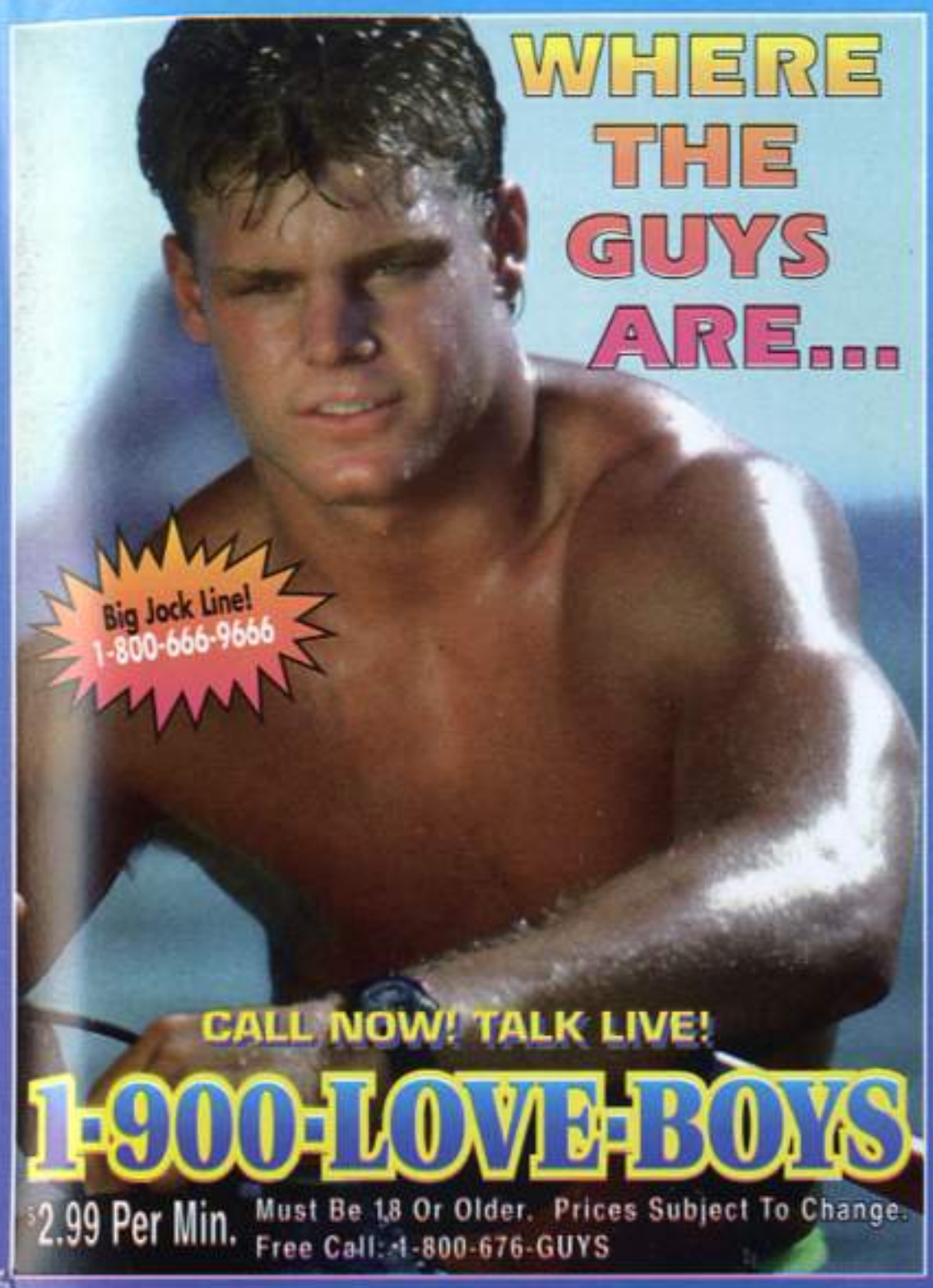
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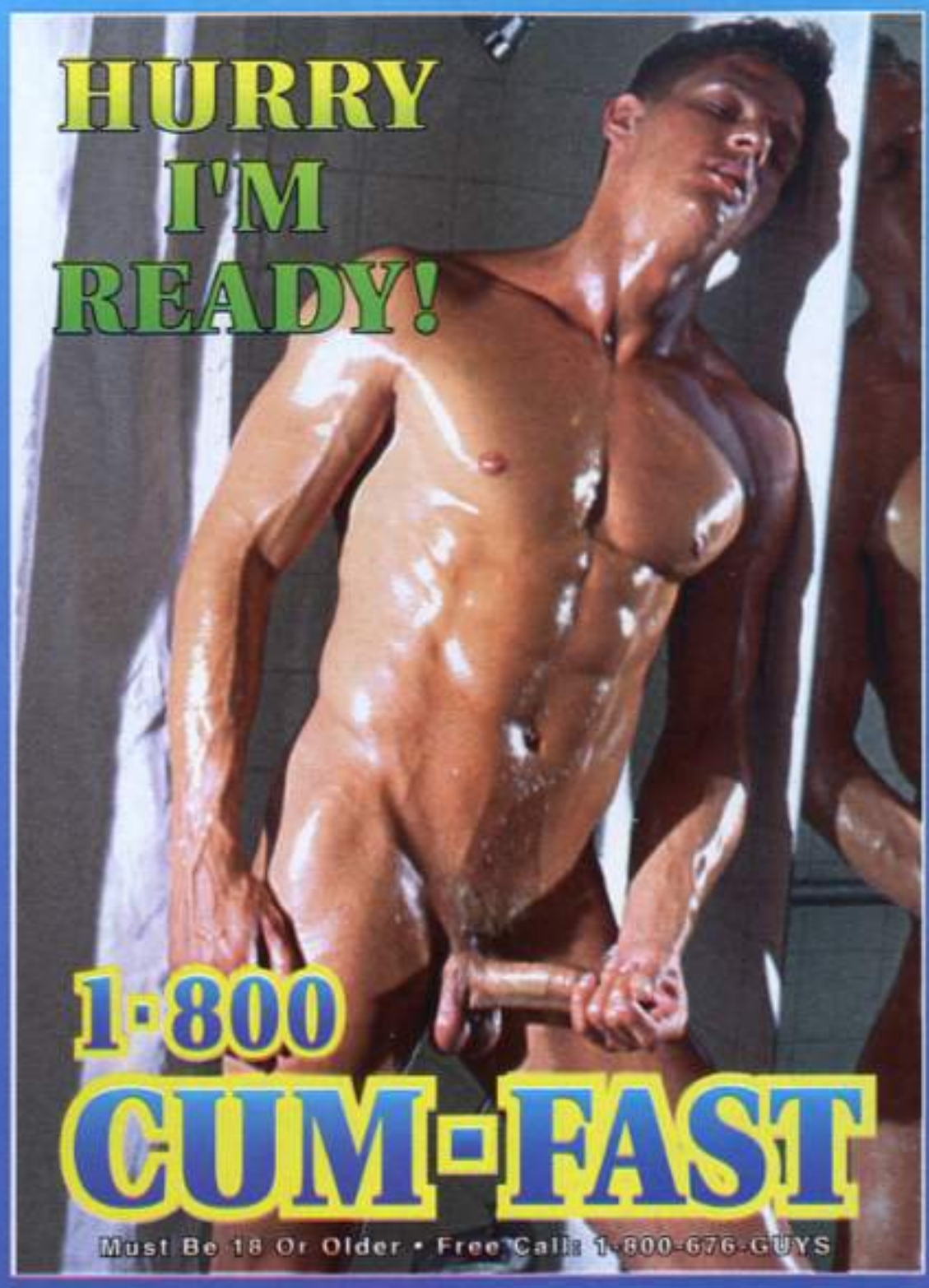
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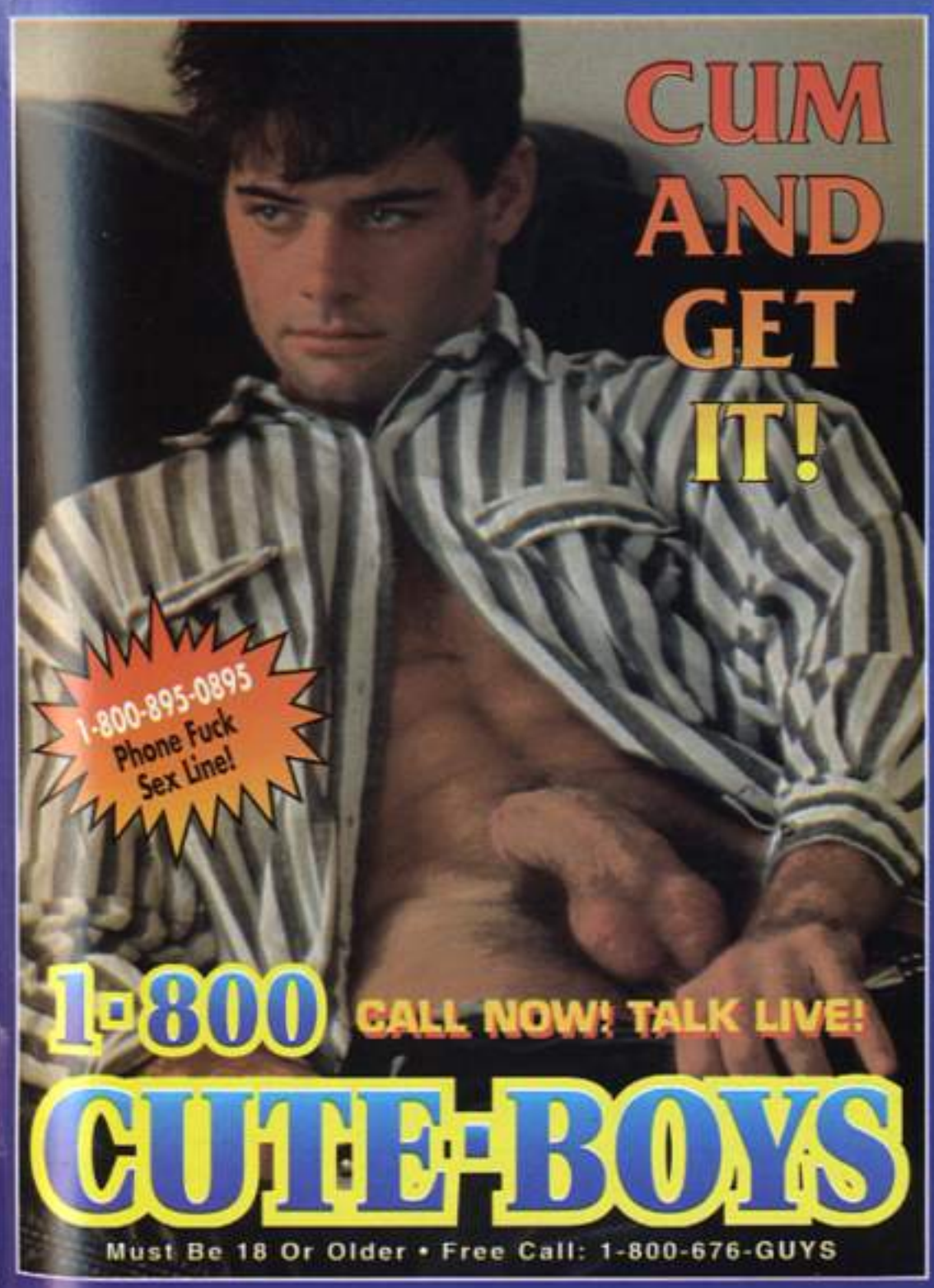
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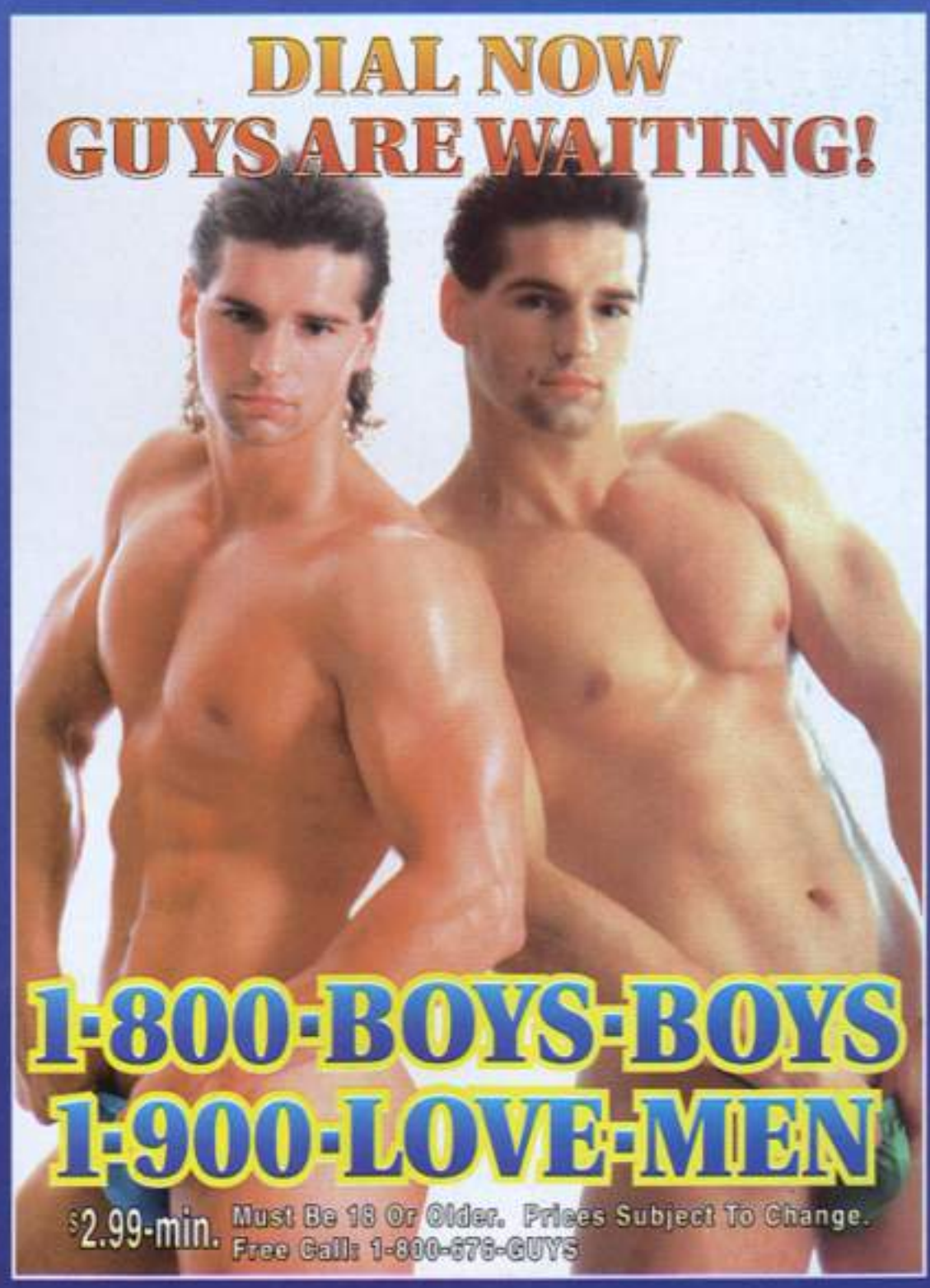
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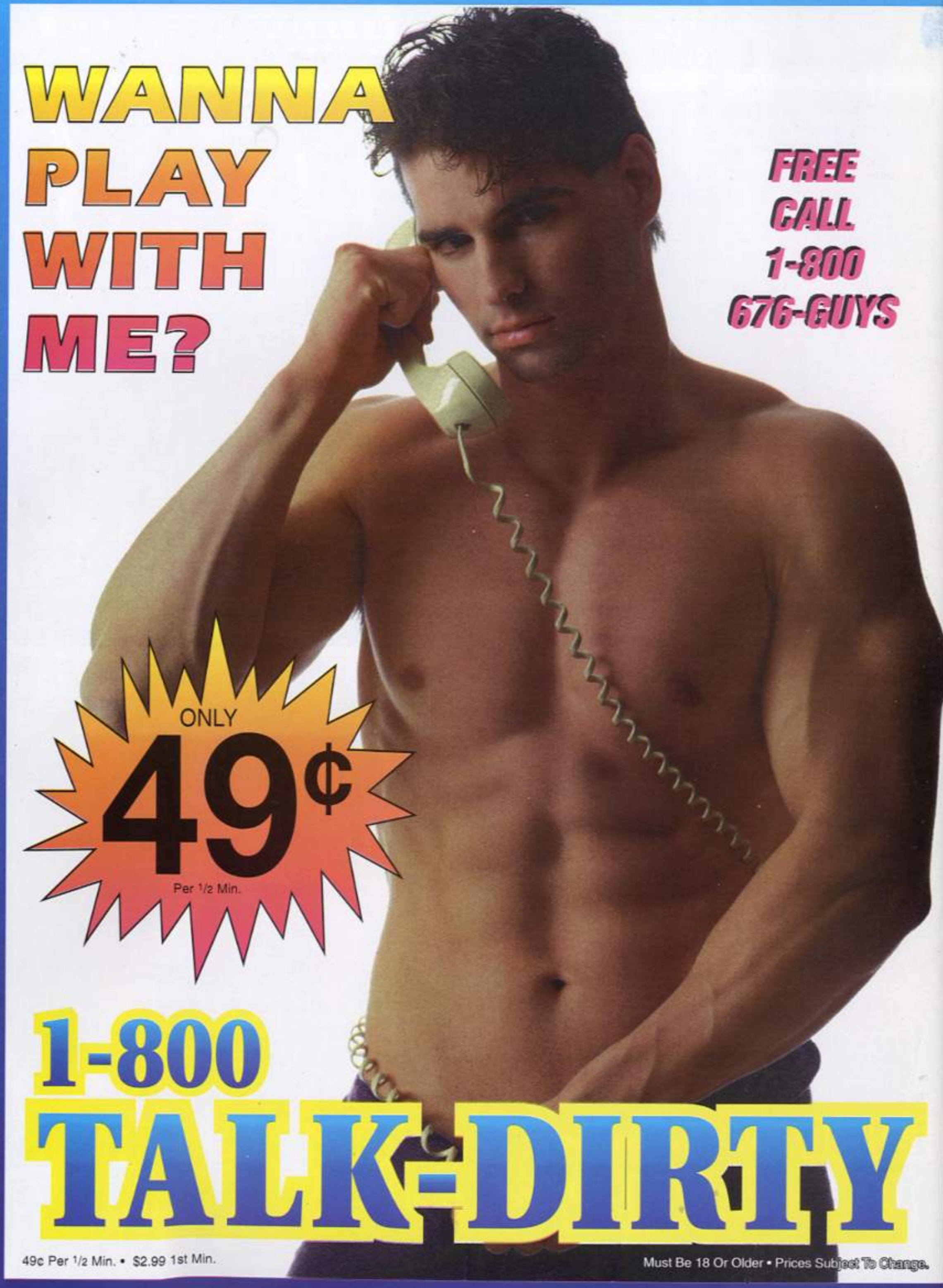
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